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"HE IS NOT MISSING. HE IS HERE": THE MENIN GATE MEMORIAL AT YPRES IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE UNVEILING.

The great Memorial at the Menin Gate of Ypres, commemorating the terrible sacrifices made by the British forces in the Salient during the war, was unveiled on July 24 with solemn ceremonial. Over its centre arch is a panel with an inscription, composed by Rudyard Kipling, and reading: "To the Armies of the British Empire who stood here from 1914 to 1918 and to those of their dead who have no known grave." The Memorial has been well styled "the symbol of the stout-heartedness and endurance of the British Armies." In defending that little area called The Salient, the "Times" recalls, "we suffered approxi-

mately one quarter of our total losses in all theatres of the Great War, in every part of the world, by land or sea. There about a million of the Empire's soldiers were wounded; and a quarter of a million died. This means that five thousand men were killed here for every month of those long four years. . . . Most terrible of all . . . is the fact that on the stone of the Memorial . . . are engraved no fewer than fifty-six thousand names of men who died there but have no known grave." In reference to this, Lord Plumer said ". . . now it can be said of each one in whose honour we are assembled here to-day: 'He is not missing. He is here.'"

THE IMMORTAL DEFENCE OF YPRES SALIENT: THE MENIN

GATE MEMORIAL, SYMBOL OF COURAGE AND ENDURANCE.



THE CITY END, WHERE THE REBUILT HOUSES MASK ITS SIDES: THE MENIN GATE MEMORIAL AS SEEN LOOKING FROM YPRES DOWN THE MENIN ROAD.



LOOKING TOWARDS YPRES: THE MENIN GATE MEMORIAL SPANNING THE MENIN ROAD, FLANKED BY THE RAMPARTS, AND SURMOUNTED BY A RECUMBENT LION.

WHERE "NO MORE THAN ONE THIN STRAGGLING LINE OF THRED-OUT BRITISH TROOPS STOOD BETWEEN THE EMPIRE AND ITS RUIN AS AN INDEPENDENT FIRST-CLASS POWER," THE MENIN GATE MEMORIAL, SHOWING THE RAMPARTS AND THE MOAT—AN AIR-VIEW TAKEN DURING THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.



TYPICAL OF THOSE RELATIVES OF THE MISSING WHO JOURNEYED TO YPRES FOR THE UNVEILING: MRS. THOMAS WEARING THE MEDALS OF HER TWO DEAD SONS; AND MRS. PRATT WEARING THE MEDALS OF HER BROTHER.



"PILGRIM" WIDOWS AND MOTHERS: WOMEN-FOLK OF THE MISSING WALKING THROUGH YPRES TO TAKE THEIR PART IN THE SOLEMN CEREMONIAL OF THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL.



"THESE STONES, WHICH WE HAVE BUILT IN THEIR HONOUR, AND ON WHICH ARE ENGRAVED THEIR NAMES, WILL ONE DAY CRUMBLE INTO DUST. . . THOU HAST WRITTEN THEIR NAMES IN THE LAMB'S BOOK OF LIFE, NEVER TO BE BLOTTED OUT": THE CEREMONY OF THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL AS SEEN FROM THE INSIDE OF THE ARCH.



"HERE ARE RECORDED NAMES OF OFFICERS AND MEN WHO FELL IN YPRES SALIENT, BUT TO WHOM THE FORTUNE OF WAR DENIED THE KNOWN AND HONOURED BURIAL GIVEN TO THEIR COMRADES IN DEATH": EX-SERVICE MEN WITH THEIR WEATHERS UNDER THE ARCH OF THE MEMORIAL, WHOSE WALLS BEAR THE NAMES OF THE MISSING.

At the unveiling of the Menin Gate Memorial, the King of the Belgians said "that there was no ground in the world more sacred than that of the Ypres Salient, for it was to uphold the sanctity of treaties that England came in to the war. It was to avenge the unjustifiable attack on Belgium that the British Empire took up arms to the remotest parts of its possessions. In truth, for fifty months, Ypres marked the threshold of the Empire, and throughout centuries to come its name would stand as the symbol of British courage and endurance." The Memorial, as is recorded elsewhere, has a double significance, for it commemorates not only the armies of the British Empire who held the Salient, but those fifty-six thousand men who died there but have no known

grave. The names of these are engraved on the stones of the "hall," the staircases, and the pillars. Of these heroic missing, Lord Plumer said: "One of the most tragic features of the Great War was the number of casualties reported 'Missing': believed killed. . . . When peace came, and the last ray of hope had been extinguished, the void seemed deeper and the outlook more forlorn for those who had no grave to visit. . . . It was resolved that here at Ypres . . . there should be erected a memorial worthy of them. . . . A memorial has been erected which, in its simple grandeur, fulfils this object, and now it can be said of each one in whose honour we are assembled here to-day: 'He is not missing. He is here.'"



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is doubtful whether one should be drawn towards or driven away from a discussion by the fact that an inordinate amount of nonsense is talked on both sides. I am thus alternately attracted and repelled by the modern discussion about the morals of the rising generation. Those who blame the young people make them out much more original than they are. Those who praise the young people make them out much more offensive than they are. And between those who revile them as pioneers and those who glorify them as puppies I find, not exactly that my sympathies are divided, but that my antipathies are about equally balanced. But the other day there happened in this fashionable controversy a very extraordinary thing. After reading pages and pages of baseless recrimination about progress and time and evolution and degeneration, I came upon a highly intelligent remark. Sobered by this shock, I sat down to write this article and make a desperate attempt to tell the truth.

The remark was by Mr. E. T. Raymond, and it is not surprising that it should be intelligent; but it is a little surprising that even he could manage to be so lively on this laborious topic. I have forgotten his exact words, but he said in effect: "Girls used to be afraid to be noisy, and now they are afraid to be quiet." That is, all this that is called unconventionality is a convention. It has its uses, like a convention. It is part of a culture, which is part of the nature of a convention. It encourages people to come together, which is actually the meaning of the word convention. But it is a great mistake either to praise it too much, as if it were complete intellectual independence, or to blame it too much, as if it were complete moral anarchy. The number of modern heroines who would now consent to look dowdy for the sake of an ideal is about as great as the number of Victorian heroines who would have consented to look fast for the sake of an ideal. On the other hand, most of the elder women would decline to commit crimes in order to conceal their weaknesses; and most of the younger women would even decline to commit crimes in order to flaunt them. My own tastes and tradition are mostly in favour of the older school of manners; but I would not permit that to drive me into a most immoral confusion between manners and morals. And though there are definitely loose in the world to-day bad elements which I think were not there thirty years ago, it is equally true that there are some good elements, even increasing in power, as they certainly were not increasing thirty years ago. It is not that I dilute the whole matter to a watery or washy matter of doubt. It is rather that one of the improvements is that the issue between good and evil has grown sharper and clearer. I have no doubt about the poison, but I have even less doubt about the antidote.

Nevertheless, there is a real distinction between the two periods or points of view which I think has not been considered in all the vain repetitions of the novels and newspapers. And that is this: one of the things that have really changed is the relative position of the clever person and the silly person

towards revolt. Few will be so optimistic as to say that there are no more silly people. None will be so pessimistic as to say there are no more clever people; each person will at least make one reservation in so sweeping a summary. But the fate of these two types is not exactly what it was, let us say, a hundred years ago. And the difference is one which has not yet, I think, been noticed—indeed, it may have been so little noticed that when I remark on it it may not even be recognised as true. But I think it is true.

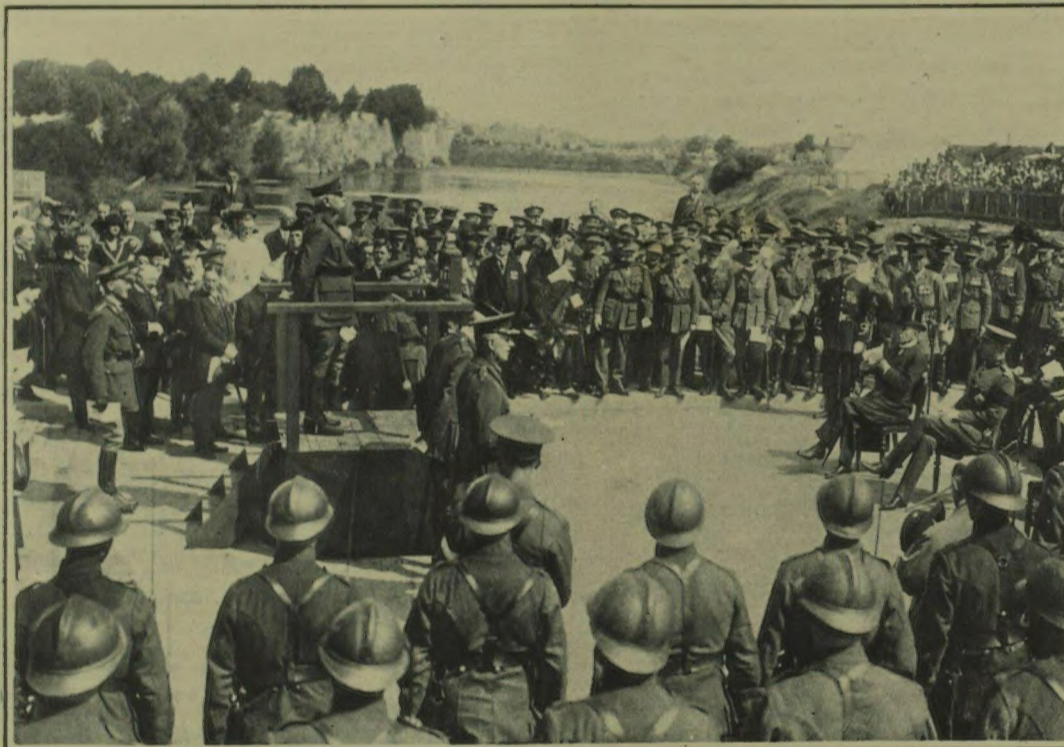
What I mean is this. A hundred years ago there was a more or less strict social habit by which the stupid people were protected, or (if you will) enslaved. It was the clever people who, in breaking out of the enslavement, were in danger of losing the protection. It was the intelligent people who were always tempted to be scatter-brained—sometimes only in the sense of

It matters not whether we put it bitterly, by saying that to-day all the fools know all the catch-words, or whether we put it more humanely (and perhaps more justly) by saying that all the ordinary people are in touch with current culture. The point is that the ordinary talk is now in favour of liberty rather than order, whereas the ordinary talk used to be in favour of order rather than liberty. But this does not mean that we are all agreed, any more than our fathers were, about the proper limits of liberty and order. What it means is that, as it is the fashion to be liberal, it requires a little more originality to be traditional. Any fool can see the case for liberty; any fool has a natural instinct for profiting by the case for license; it is precisely the very intelligent who are left watching with some suspicion the general indifference to authority. What strikes me about the rising generation, about which so many confident

and inconsistent things are said, is that it is precisely the most thoughtful individuals who are inclined to scoff at the progress which the thoughtless individuals are radiantly ready to accept. The minority that would once have been the leaders of change seem to me to be rather tired of the change, and to be wanting (so to speak) a change from the change. Their reaction takes special and sometimes rather subtle forms, but they are certainly not throwing themselves into the rush of modernity as Shelley or Victor Hugo threw themselves into the rush of democracy. Sometimes, for instance, it is the use even of new-fangled styles of literature for the praising of old-fashioned styles of art.

But it is not only a question of taste, but also of truth—of real reasoning and the logic of life. At this moment it is no proof of mental activity to be always talking about the right to enjoyment or the admiration due to youth, any more than it is a mark of mental activity to smoke cigarettes or read the last news from Wimbledon. That

half-truth has become a half-truism. Everybody repeats it and nobody seems to get any further. But there are some who are beginning to wish that they could get further, and even on their own account to make some suggestions on the other side. Some have been heard to murmur that, if all rights and wrongs are a superstition, there cannot be a right of youth to happiness any more than a right of age to obedience. Sooner or later it will probably break upon some brilliant intellect that, if the child is completely independent of the parent, there seems no particular reason why the parent should support the child. All that too facile fuss about the omnipotence of youth is in its turn being criticised—by the young. It is not only silly old people, it is also sensible young people, who are beginning to see that the thing has already become a cant—that is, something that has been said once too often. And in this respect, whether for good or evil, I do think there has been a change in the proportion of opinion. Formerly the fool was prevented from making a fool of himself; it was the wise man who made a fool of himself. Now all the fools are free to talk folly, and the wise man may return to wisdom.



AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MENIN GATE MEMORIAL: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD PLUMER SPEAKING. (SEATED. THE KING OF THE BELGIANS; AND SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.)

In the course of his speech, Lord Plumer said: "This monument which is now to be unveiled does not express only the nation's gratitude and sympathy; it expresses also their pride in the fullness of the sacrifice. . . . Moreover, this ground, which for all time will be known as the Ypres Salient, is a historical record of the friendship and comradeship which existed and will always exist between the two armies, British and Belgian, who fought there side by side." The King of the Belgians, who spoke in English, said that there was no ground in the world more sacred than that of the Ypres Salient, and that Ypres was to the British Army what Verdun was to the French Army.

losing their wits, sometimes in the more literal sense of blowing out their brains. It was the superior person who was revolutionary. Sometimes it was even the socially superior person who was revolutionary; it was the aristocrat who was also a sort of anarchist. But that was generally when he had the rather rare good luck to be an educated aristocrat. It was always when he was an exceptionally thoughtful aristocrat. Most of us would agree that Byron had more brains than the majority of noblemen in the House of Lords. Most of us would agree that Shelley had more talent than the majority of young squires in the county of Sussex. And they started a set of associations in the mind which ran through the nineteenth century to the time of Tolstoy or of Cunninghame Graham. I am not talking about which of the two types or of the many individuals I agree with, or about whether I agree with any of them. I am noting what is sufficiently notorious: that cleverness came to be associated with what some called liberty and others license, and that in most European countries an intellectual meant something rather like a rebel. I gravely doubt whether this is still the case. I very definitely doubt whether it will long continue to be the case.

YPRES RISEN FROM ITS RUINS: THE CITY AS IT WAS AND IS.



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR: THE MENIN "GATE" MARKED BY TWO LIONS—THE SITE OF THE MENIN GATE MEMORIAL (IN THE BACKGROUND, THE TOWERS OF THE CLOTH HALL AND THE CATHEDRAL).



DURING THE WAR: THE MENIN GATE, WITH BRITISH TROOPS PASSING THE RUINS OF THE BRIDGE (ON THE LEFT, THE RUINED TOWER OF THE CLOTH HALL; AND, TO THE RIGHT OF THIS, THE RUINED CATHEDRAL).



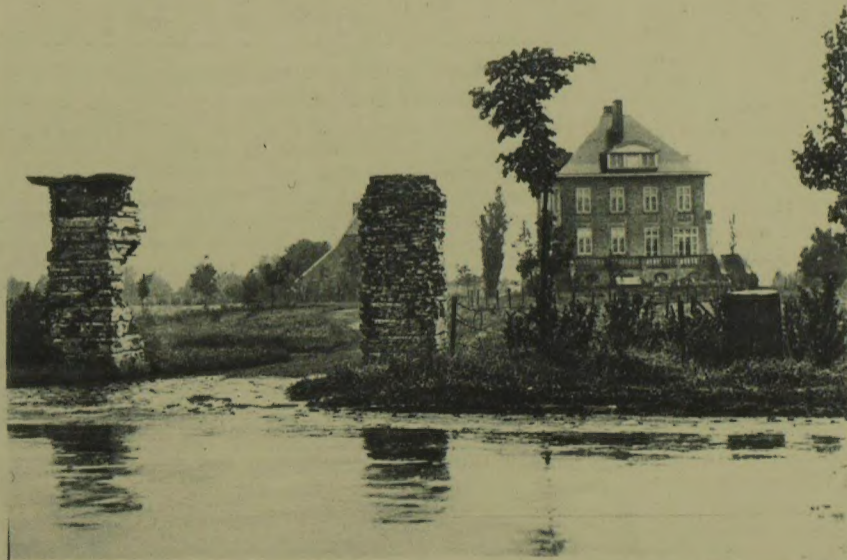
WHERE THE SO-CALLED MENIN GATE AND THE BRIDGE STOOD BEFORE THE WAR: MENIN GATE AS IT IS NOW, WITH THE GREAT MEMORIAL—AN AIR-VIEW TAKEN LOOKING AWAY FROM THE TOWN, ALONG THE MENIN ROAD.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE GRANDE PLACE, AND THE SCAFFOLD-PROTECTED TOWER OF THE WAR-RUINED CLOTH HALL: THE MENIN GATE MEMORIAL; WITH THE LION LOOKING OUTWARDS TO THE MENIN RIDGE.



PASSING THE RUINS OF THE CLOTH HALL (LEFT) AND THE RECONSTRUCTED CATHEDRAL: "PILGRIMS" IN YPRES ON THEIR WAY TO THE UNVEILING OF THE MENIN GATE MEMORIAL.



WHERE STOOD THE WHITE CHATEAU, HAIG'S HEADQUARTERS IN THE 1914 BATTLE OF YPRES: THE NEW WHITE CHATEAU; WITH OLD, BULLET-TORN GATE-POSTS.

In the course of his speech at the unveiling of the Menin Gate Memorial, Lord Plumer said: "The town of Ypres, which was shattered beyond all recognition during the war, and has now been rebuilt, illustrates fitly the unconquerable spirit of the Belgian nation." He said well; for immediately after hostilities had ceased the Belgians determined that the wreckage of Ypres should be swept away and that a new city should rise from the ruins to bear witness to the initiative and strength of their country. The Salient is now much as it was before shot and

shell, and mine and entrenchment, devastated it. Towns and villages are full of life again, and the workers and the farmers are at their labours. As "Quex" had it the other day in the "Evening News": "It is a smiling country-side now, of fields and gardens and red-tiled houses. . . . The White Chateau, Haig's headquarters in the 1914 Battle of Ypres, was re-erected three years ago. . . . Two bullet-slashed brick gate-posts at the entrance to the carriage-road that leads to the house remain as reminders of its war history."

"The Business of Reigning": Fj.—the Civil Servant.

"FRANZ JOSEPH AS REVEALED BY HIS LETTERS." Edited by DR. OTTO ERNST.*

IT would seem from his Introduction that Dr. Otto Ernst has endeavoured to be fair to Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. "It has been our desire throughout this work," he avows, "to treat our hero impartially"; but his book suggests that, deliberately or unconsciously,

person's rank at Court." Is that not damning with subtle praise?

In the same way Dr. Ernst finds mild cause for wonderment in the Emperor's concern for the tribulations of his peoples. "Whatever the temporary misfortune that had occurred—Famine or Cholera, Conflagration or Inundation—the Emperor was sure to demand particulars as to provisions that were being taken to meet the case; and he would inquire also whether it would be well for him to send a personal contribution.

"In most cases he would give orders for a subscription to be forwarded out of his own private purse. Moreover, he never omitted to look through the newspapers, as well as to study the diplomatic reports, so as to see whether a mishap had taken place anywhere." That is well. Why add: "Indeed, it seemed almost as though he had regarded it as one of his foremost duties as a Sovereign to take an active interest in any calamity of this nature. . . ." The implication is that expediency, not charity, determined action.

Instances may be multiplied. At times the Editor appears justified of his outlook; at others one may judge that he has misread his man, mistaking reticence for lack of sensibility, and a certain outspokenness for want of heart. He writes, for example: "And then—in 1875, the Emperor Ferdinand dies at Prague. . . . Without much ado Franz Joseph tells his friend that he need not put himself to any great trouble in the matter of issuing 'official announcements' of this event, since—as far as he, the Emperor, is concerned—there can be no question of any 'heartfelt regrets.' And here again we get a glimpse of the actual Franz Joseph! for one feels that from his nephew above all other people poor Ferdinand might have met with a little more regard. But somehow, the Emperor and indeed the whole Court seemed to owe this unfortunate man a grudge as though he, in his impotence, had been to blame for the initial success of the Revolution of 1849. Franz Joseph seemed unable to realize how pitiful an object was this good-natured

imbecile . . . even at the moment when abdicating the throne of Austria in his favour Ferdinand had said in his simple but kindly way: 'There—only be good! You are quite welcome to it!'" The quotation, from a letter to Albert of Saxony, is: ". . . It is really too good of you to want to apologise for not having sent George to the funeral. . . . Yet I regarded it as entirely suitable and natural that you should not have sent your brother, for in a case such as this there could really be no question of heartfelt regrets. . . ." It is but just to accept "in such a case as this": to cavil is to argue that there must be unqualified sorrow at the death of a beloved one who has been released from the tortures of a malignant disease.

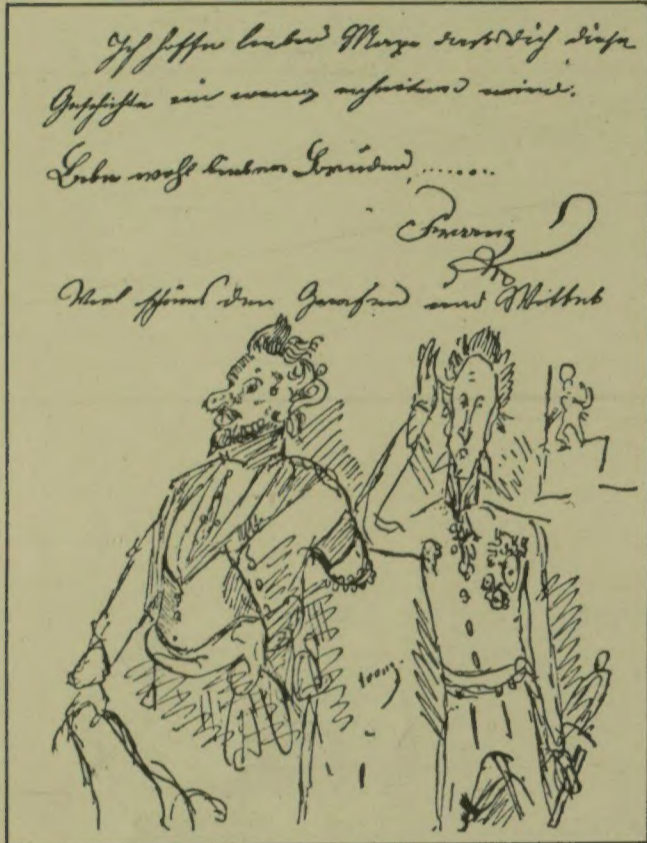
Supporting the other point of view, there are sentences that may be taken to indicate callousness. The most notable are in a letter to his great friend, Albert, on August 22, 1857: ". . . First and foremost, I must thank you most sincerely for your kind and consoling sympathy in regard to what has been the hardest blow I have yet sustained in life. Our poor little one [his first child, Sophie, who died in infancy] was a little angel—so remarkably intelligent. . . . But now she is an Angel in Heaven—where she will pray for us! Of all the letters of condolence that have reached us, yours was the only one that gave me true pleasure, for I knew that it came from your heart—so, therefore, once more, my warmest thanks.

"As I am looking forward to your being with me at Ischl, we must begin to arrange our plans. . . . Do not on any account be too late for the rutting season—which, after all, is the greatest fun. Besides, I want you to stay as long as you possibly can, for then we can begin with the stags and leave the chamoix to the close of the season—at which time they are always finer and more like bears. My brothers-in-law are coming, so that we may look forward to a very congenial time together. . . ." And there is that "half-excuse" letter written less than three months after the execution of his brother, the Emperor Maximilian, in Mexico: "Dearest Albert! In this year of sadness and sorrow I still venture to let you know that—should no unforeseen circumstances prevent me—I hope to go to Ischl for

the shooting from the 25th September until the beginning of October, and shall be very pleased to see you there. I feel sure it would do you good to lose sight of your many troubles and annoyances among these lovely hills and though our party has now lost one of its best members, we may still look for good sport. Every stone about the neighbourhood reminds me of that unforgettable friend and at times it almost seems as though he must turn up at his familiar haunts. . . ."

"Franz Joseph," complains Dr. Ernst, "took all the momentous experiences Fate had decreed should befall him—calmly, with indifference, or downright insensitiveness. However terrible, nay, agonising the event, it was yet ever a case of 'la séance continue'; and as a matter of fact, the 'business of reigning' did go on with the same amazing regularity; the day's work was carried out; and the 'duty,' whatever it was, was performed with the same punctilious precision." He will only concede, in fact, that the Emperor and King was "a Habsburg Sovereign and a Mighty Hunter." And here, he has it, "Habsburg Sovereign" means a Civil-Servant Emperor absorbed in administration; a specialist in kingcraft; a virtuoso in the technique of prestige; an amazingly industrious and orderly worker, with the signature Fj., who sat down to his desk at five in the morning and wrote and re-wrote and corrected letters and telegrams and forms. And he allows but two real friends: Albert of Saxony and, of course, Frau Katharina von Kiss-Schratt, who was so much nearer to the Emperor than his restless, wandering wife and was willingly recognised by her, even unto a luncheon-party à trois, personal devotion, and cordial blessings. All others—and especially the Archdukes—were expected to obey without questioning, even to ask permission before journeying abroad. Not often was the old-fashioned "Lay me at the feet of your wife" more than the modern, conventional "kind regards." It was to be expected. Upbringing and environment were responsible for the distinctly mediæval autocracy that was evident even in later, more "liberal," days. Was not an Archduchess reported to have said: "I really don't see what affair it is of the people's if the Emperor does go to war"?

So much for "Franz Joseph"; and let it be added at once that it should be read and that it will be

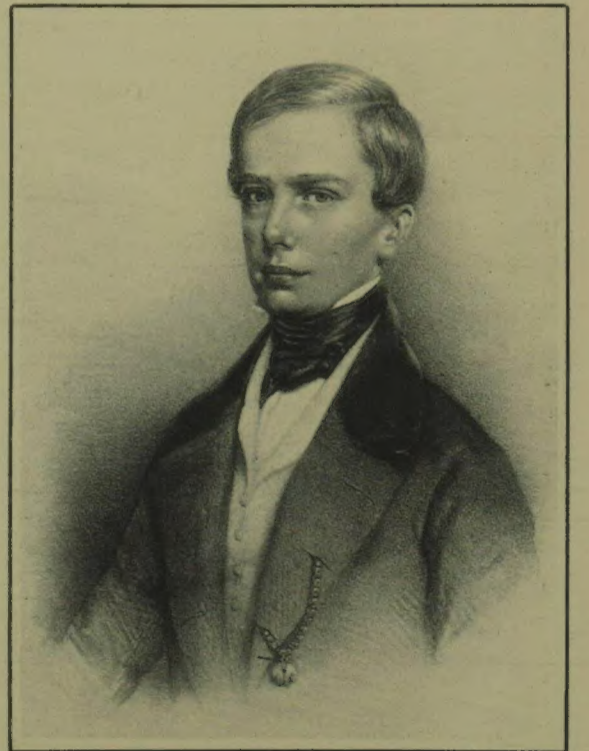


DONE BY THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH WHEN HE WAS A BOY OF SIX: DRAWINGS ILLUSTRATING A LETTER.

Reproduced from "Franz Joseph," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.

he has picked out from the thousands of secret documents at his disposal in the "House, Court, and State Archives" at Vienna chiefly those plums a good Republican might be expected to seek. Nor have certain of his comments the "aura" of the unbiased historian.

He cannot conceive the possibility of a ruler steeling the outer man in order to shield the inner from the vulgar gaze; the shyness, the suppression, that may lie behind brevity; the inborn instinct that condemns the wearing of the heart upon the sleeve for daws to peck at. And he has little but sneers for the congratulations and condolences that are among the courtesies of kings. Of Imperial telegrams he writes, for instance: "And what a wealth of delicate nuances is contained in these telegrams! How rich in every shade of expression—in every degree of tone are these scraps of Franz Joseph's script! For here was a Past-Master in the art of tact. . . . It may be that he had not found, or could not trust, anyone to carry out this delicate task to his own complete personal satisfaction . . . or was it—and this seems perhaps the most likely explanation of all—that he really took such matters to be of supreme importance, and thought the end of all things probable should an Archduke go short of the obligatory congratulations for his Name-day or should the reciprocal good wishes for the New Year forwarded to the Hungarian Minister be couched in terms such as might only properly be addressed to the Court Physician? And, if so, who shall say that he was not right? For all these things helped in preserving the Sacred Halo of Sovereignty so vitally necessary to him—a Halo in the retention of which he again showed a Master's Art. For indeed he brought the most incredible amount of care to bear upon all such matters. Should a Member of his Household, or any of their relations, be ill, the invalid was at once cheered by the Emperor's kind inquiries; and the frequency of, as also the precise degree of warmth, contained in these messages was ever commensurate to that particular



FRANCIS JOSEPH THREE MONTHS AFTER HIS ACCESSION: THE YOUNG EMPEROR IN FEBRUARY 1849.

From the Drawing by Prinzhofer, in the Portrait Collection of the National Bibliothek, Vienna. Reproduced from "Franz Joseph," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.

read with much interest. Whether one accepts the Editor's selection of documents as a true revelation of the Emperor, or believes that another choice would have shown another man, does not matter: in the words of Dr. Ernst: "History will have to say the final word." E. H. G.

* "Franz Joseph as Revealed by His Letters." Edited by Dr. Otto Ernst. (Translated by Agnes Blake.) With Four Portraits and Two Facsimiles. (Methuen and Co.; 15s. net.)

THE EARTHQUAKE IN PALESTINE: RUINS AND DEAD SEA FISSIONS.



THE WINTER PALACE HOTEL, JERICHO, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: THE REMAINS OF THE BUILDING, IN WHICH THREE INDIAN WOMEN TOURISTS WERE KILLED.



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN PALESTINE ON JULY 11: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WINTER PALACE HOTEL, IN WHICH THE TOURISTS, WHO WERE LUNCHING, WERE KILLED.



A STREET COMPLETELY BLOCKED BY DÉBRIS: A SCENE IN NABLUS, WHICH, WITH LYDDA AND RAMLEH, SUFFERED MOST.



FISSIONS BY THE DEAD SEA: THE EARTH OPENED IN THE ANCIENT "VALE OF SIDDIM."

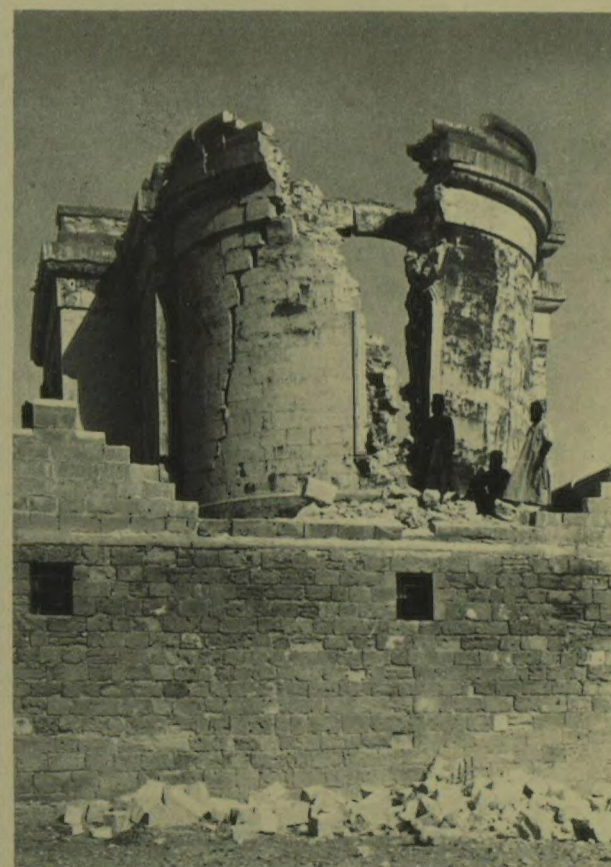


DAMAGED BY THE SHOCK: GOVERNMENT HOUSE, JERUSALEM, WHICH SUFFERED IN COMPANY WITH THE ALLENBY BRIDGE.



CLEARING THE DÉBRIS AND EXHUMING BODIES FROM A STREET IN NABLUS: BRITISH OFFICIALS AT WORK AMONG THE RUINS.

A serious earthquake took place in Jerusalem and other places in Palestine at about three o'clock in the afternoon of July 11, and very considerable damage was done. A week later, the Acting High Commissioner for Palestine reported that the killed in Palestine numbered 200; the seriously injured, 356; and the slightly injured, 375; while in Transjordan the killed numbered 68 and the injured 102. He stated further that it was estimated roughly that a thousand houses had been badly damaged throughout the country. Government House and Allenby Bridge had suffered from the shock, but, generally speaking, Government premises had escaped lightly, as had buildings of antiquarian interest. A small dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem was cracked. The gravest casualties and damage were at Lydda, Nablus, and Ramleh. The greater part of the rescue work was done by the personnel of the British Gendarmerie and Royal Air Force and Government officials. On July 24, it was reported that another earthquake shock, slight in this case, had been felt that morning in Jerusalem and Jaffa, and, more markedly, at Hebron.



DAMAGE AT JERICHO, FOURTEEN MILES FROM JERUSALEM: THE RUINS OF THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SHARD-BORNE BEETLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THERE be many of us who are looking forward, with that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," for the coming of those delicious summer evenings which, after a hot day, are so refreshing and so full of incident. Some of us can conjure up memories of past years, when we live again in the deepening twilight, the fragrant air, and the delicious sense of restfulness and expectancy. For it is then that we listen for the first thrilling notes of the nightjar, and the low, droning hum of the cockchafer and the dor-beetle, not a few of which will fall victims to the "woolly bats with beady eyes" flitting noiselessly, silhouetted against the darkening sky, darting hither and thither for their winged and commonly invisible prey.

But it is of the beetles that I now wish more particularly to speak, for I cannot find that even poets have found in them anything more than convenient and trivial phenomena to give a little additional sense of movement to their rhythm. To the rest of the world they are just "beetles," or "horrid beetles"! Indeed, they miss much who see no more than this: they have but a beetle's vision, though doubtless they imagine they see much; forgetting that we see with the mind more than is visible to the eye. The poet finds incident in the "beetle's drowsy hum." Let us take up the subject where he leaves it! Compare the speed and mode of flight of the beetle with that of the bat, than which there is no more agile exponent of flying, though it is not the *speed* of the bat which surprises me, so much as the astonishing way it can twist and turn, even in what seems an impossibly small space.

With the beetle this is far otherwise—certain exceptions apart. The cockchafer, the dor-beetle, and the stag-beetle are all, really, extremely poor fliers. The two first-named blunder through the air rather than fly, for they display a pitiable lack of steering-power; while the stag-beetle can hardly be said to fly at all. Rather, he "planes" along, always in a descending course. His "flights," in short, start with a "jumping-off" from near the top of one tree, and a descent to the lowermost boughs of another, or to the ground. He cannot fly again till he has climbed a sufficient height to start from.

Things have gone hard with the beetles in this matter of flight. If it is suggested that they have found compensation in the fact that they only, in common with their cousins the *Orthoptera*—to which the so-called "black-beetles" belong—have developed a very efficient covering for the wings when not in use, it must be admitted that the advantage is of very doubtful value. As a covering it is certainly effective, for it takes the form of a pair of shields, accurately shaped to the contour of the body—so accurately that, where they meet together down the middle of the back, only a faint line can be seen. They form the "shards" of which Shakespeare speaks. They answer to the fore-wings of butterflies or dragonflies. But, as I have already remarked, they are useless as wings—indeed, they hinder flight. In some, like the stag-beetle, during flight they are raised well over the body; but in others, as in the goliath-beetle, they are lifted only high enough to allow the wings to emerge and spread.

One would suppose that the muscles which give the appropriate wing-movements necessary to effect flight would be the same in all insects; but this is

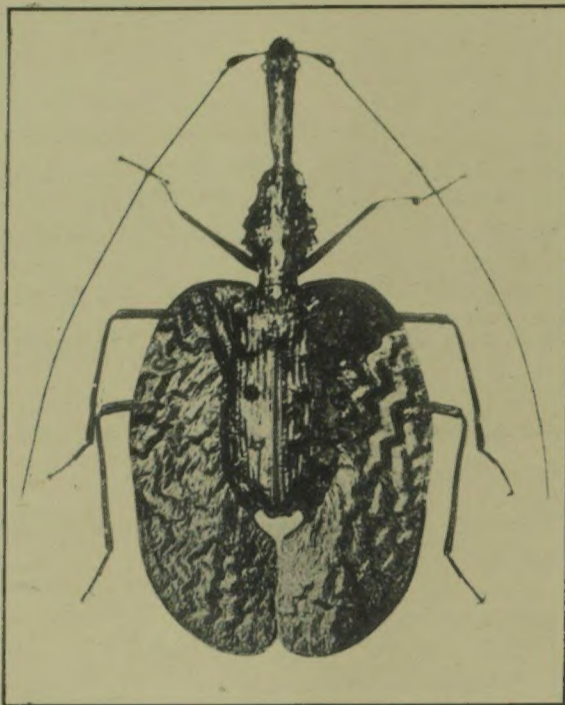


FIG. 1. THE STRANGE MORMYLOCE, OF THE MALAY PENINSULA: A SPECIES IN WHICH THE OUTER BORDERS OF THE WING-CASES HAVE BEEN PRODUCED INTO LEAF-LIKE EXPANSIONS.

In the morymloce, of the Malay Peninsula, the outer borders of the wing-cases have been produced into broad, flat, leaf-like expansions, probably serving as a protective disguise while the creature is at rest during the day.

very far from being the case. To avoid technicalities, let it suffice to say that the flight of insects is effected

by two quite different means. In the dragonflies, for example, flight is brought about by the action of what are called "direct" muscles. They are attached, round the base of the wing, at one end to the hard skeleton forming the roof of the thoracic cavity—for in the insects the skeleton is external, not internal as in ourselves—and at the other to the ventral wall. By their alternate contraction and expansion they pull the wing up and down; while others pull it backwards or forwards. In the beetle a very different mechanism obtains. Here the

muscles are so arranged that the wing is moved by changes of shape of the body wall. This mechanism effects flight by what is known as "indirect action." The elevator muscle of the wing extends horizontally between two vertical skeletal plates, projecting downwards from the back, while the depressor muscle of the wing acts at right-angles to this, the ends of the muscle being fixed, above to the back shield, below to the sternum, or breast-plate. When they contract they decrease the height of the body cavity, and so cause the wing to take a downward sweep; small direct elevator and depressor muscles are present, but they play only an unimportant part.

This matter of the number and mechanism of the flight-muscles is so frightfully complicated that I can do no more here than give a condensed epitome of the sum of their actions. As a consequence of the trans-

formation of the fore-wings into "elytra," or "shards," the hind-wing has to be folded up so as to lay neatly underneath when the elytra are closed. I must leave the description of muscles which effect this folding entirely alone. Let it suffice to say that these act upon a special hinge, formed near the middle of the rod-like front border of the wing.

As will be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 3), the effect of the pull of the folding muscles is to draw the outer half of the wing backwards and inwards underneath the inner portion of the wing, till, finally, its tip comes to lie near the base of the opposite wing. I venture to believe that, even though I am unable to disclose how the trick is done, this wing-folding will be regarded as a profoundly interesting piece of mechanism. That displayed by the earwig is even more remarkable, but some other occasion must be taken for its description.

I want to return now to the wing-cases, or "shards." These, when closed, give an appearance of winglessness; and in some species this is, in effect, true, for the edges of the two shields have become welded together, thus making flight impossible. There is a very remarkable beetle—*Mormyloce phyllodes*, a native of the Malay peninsula (Fig. 1)—wherein the edges of the wing-cases are produced into broad, flat, leaf-like expansions, found in no other beetle. Their function is unknown, but since, when expanded, they exceed the area of the extended wings, it has been suggested that they serve as "planes" during flight, the wings supplying the motive power. More probably they serve as a protective device to effect concealment. This is a point which can only be settled by observations on the living insect amid its natural surroundings.

Did space allow, I should like to say something of the indescribable beauty of coloration which these wing-cases, in common with the rest of the body, sometimes display. There are species which look more like highly burnished pieces of metal than insects. Some look like gold, some shine with the glow of an emerald, while some are marked with spots of vivid colour or reflect rainbow hues. And in this splendour pigment plays only a secondary part; the effect being produced by the interference of light brought about by delicate sculpturing. No words, however, can describe their exquisite beauty, which must be seen to be believed.



FIG. 2. THE GOLIATH-BEETLE: WITH THE RIGHT "SHARD" REMOVED AND PLACED OVER THE WING.

The wing-cases can be raised only high enough to permit of the extension of the wing. For the purposes of the photograph, the right "shard" has been removed and placed above the wing. On the left side of the beetle, the wing is seen folded up, as when covered by the wing-case, the outer portion being brought under the main portion of the wing-membrane.



FIG. 3. THE GOLIATH-BEETLE: THE CLOSED WING-CASES FITTING CLOSELY OVER THE WHOLE BODY BEHIND THE THORAX.

The goliath, a West African species, is one of the largest of living beetles and exceptionally handsome, its coloration being of a rich, dark mahogany-red, set off by white markings. The texture of the wing-cases, which, when closed, fit closely over the whole body behind the thorax, is that of short velvet-pile.

THEIR ONE MEAL A WEEK: DINNER-TIME IN THE "ZOO'S" REPTILE HOUSE.



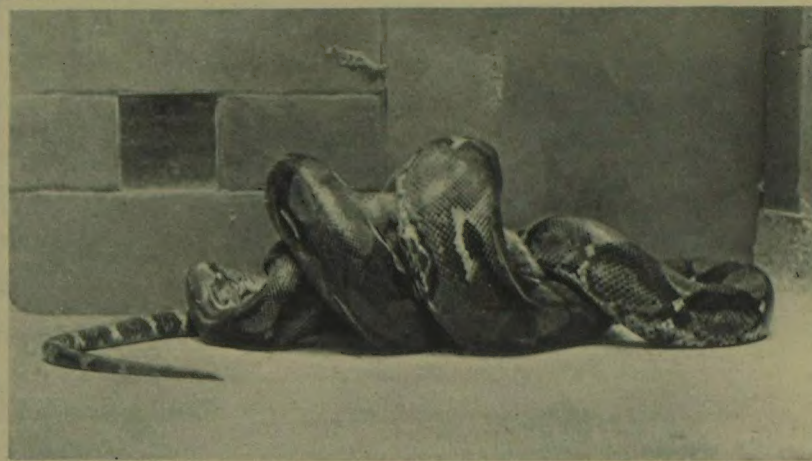
A NILE MONITOR EATING AN EGG: THE LIZARD'S FRIDAY MEAL,
THE ONLY ONE OF THE WEEK.



A KOMODO "DRAGON" AT DINNER-TIME: ONE OF THE BIG LIZARDS
FROM THE EAST INDIES ABOUT TO EAT A DEAD PIGEON.



AN IGUANA GIVEN DROPS OF WATER FROM THE END OF A FOUNTAIN-PEN
FILLER: THE SEQUEL TO A REFUSAL TO DRINK IN THE ORDINARY MANNER.



AN AFRICAN PYTHON CRUSHING A DEAD HARE: A REPTILE WHICH MAY
DECIDE TO EAT ONLY ONCE A MONTH.



A KOMODO "DRAGON" EATING AN EGG FROM A SPOON TIED TO A STICK:
THE EIGHT-FOOT-LONG REPTILE TAKING A MEAL.



A CROCODILE BEING FED FROM THE HAND: DANGEROUS WORK
FOR THE KEEPER!

Although the reptiles at the "Zoo" have not been in their new house for very long, their appetites do not seem to have suffered with the change from their old quarters, and it may be assumed that they look forward to Fridays, when they are fed publicly at about six o'clock. For most of the reptiles in question, this is their one meal in a week; although certain of the smaller lizards, smaller snakes, and chameleons feed daily. Some of the larger snakes—pythons and anacondas, for example—may decide to eat but once a month, although food is always proffered to them on the Fridays. These larger snakes are fed with fowls and rabbits. The smaller have to be satisfied with rats and mice. Needless to say, all the animals are killed humanely before they are fed to the reptiles. The larger lizards, such as the Komodo "dragons" and some of the monitors, feed on flesh and eggs. Most of the smaller lizards are vegetarian, although they take an occasional fly or meal-worm as a special treat. The alligators will eat most things, but are usually given lumps of horse-meat. Our photographs are by Mr. Neville Kingston.

THE MYSTIFYING "CHESS" IN CHINA: ON THE SHANTUNG AND HONAN FRONTS.

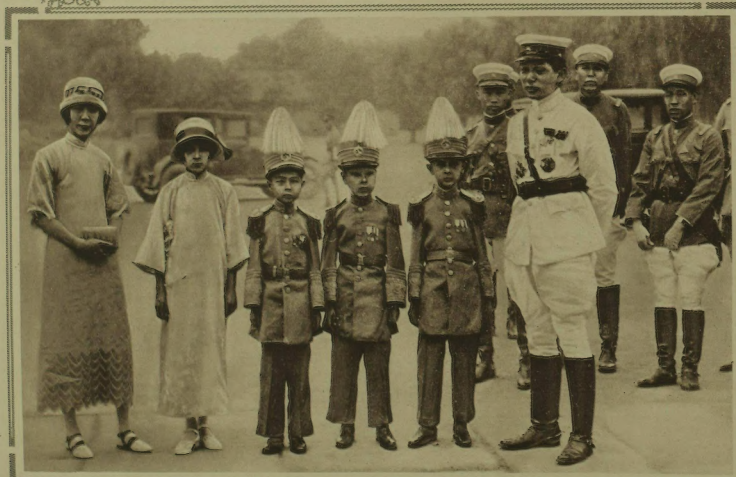
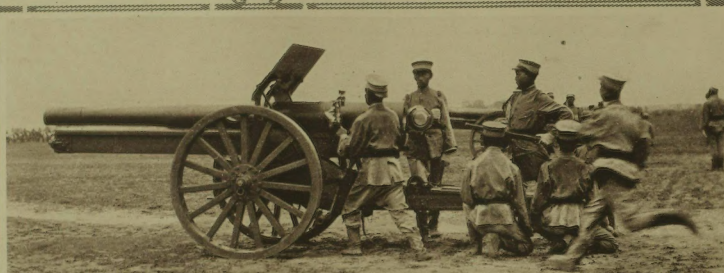


ROUGH TREATMENT FOR A CAPTURED ENEMY: A CANTONESE PRISONER TIED TO A POLE CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS.



ON THE HONAN FRONT: A SIEGE GUN OF THE ANKUOCHUN (NORTHERN) ARMY.

WITH THE FORCES OF MARSHAL CHANG-TSO-LIN, GENERALISSIMO OF THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA: A SIEGE GUN ON THE HONAN FRONT.

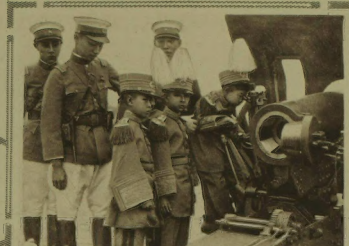


THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, GRAND-DAUGHTER, AND GRANDSON OF MARSHAL CHANG-TSO-LIN: GENERAL HSIAO-LIANG'S WIFE, DAUGHTER, AND THREE YOUNG SONS.



AN ANTI-RED PROPAGANDA PARADE IN THE HONAN DISTRICT: THE ANKUOCHUN ARMY CELEBRATING A VICTORY.

GRANDSON OF MARSHAL CHANG-TSO-LIN: THE THREE YOUNG SONS OF GENERAL HSIAO-LIANG INSPECTING A BIG GUN.



SHANTUNG PATROLS OF THE NORTHERN ARMY SKIRMISHING IN A VILLAGE—DEAD IN THE FOREGROUND.



DURING A ROUND-UP BY SHANTUNG PATROLS OF THE ANKUOCHUN (THE NORTHERN ARMY): PRISONERS TIED TO POSTS IN A VILLAGE—DEAD IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

The civil war in China continues to be so chaotic that it is well-nigh impossible to deal with it in detail, not only because of the widespread nature of the disturbance, but from the difficulty of getting anything like reliable news from Chinese quarters. As the "Times" correspondent had it a while ago, "the mystifying game of chess proceeds across China. . . . In these circumstances, the 'unification of China' does not yet appear visible." Meantime, it

may be noted that, according to Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, of the "Daily Telegraph": "The Nationalist Bureau of Foreign Affairs denies any official knowledge of negotiations between Chiang-Kai-Shek and Chang-Tao-lin, declaring that it is incompatible with the ideals of the Kuomintang party to enter into an arrangement with the Northern war-lords, who must be eliminated. . . . Further retirements of the Nationalists from Shantung are reported. . . ."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"THE SHOW-BOAT" IS COMING.—SEYMOUR HICKS'S NEW DEPARTURE.

IN America it is an institution. And its story is admirably told in the famous novel, "The Show-Boat," which describes the lives of these strolling players on the flat-bottomed canal-ships. From port to port they are hauled on the banks of rivers and canals. Their advent is a feast to the villagers, who abide their coming by fixed time-table, and in the first hour of anchorage troop on board to book their seats. The fare is varied, being mostly melodrama of the ancient order, bustling farce, or musical comedy in miniature, accompanied by a quartet of wind instruments and a piano. Now and again the "boss" soars higher in taste: Shakespeare, duly abbreviated to meet space and number of players. Aye, we have even heard that Bernard Shaw's "Candida" has been seen in far-away creeks, and, as a local paper had it, proved a "cinch"! Nor is the acting very inferior—in fairness, it could rank with some of our touring companies in second and third class towns. When I saw a Show-Boat play in a little place on a side-track of the Hudson River, and the audience shed hot tears over "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the mummers were of the old school; they "laid it on thick" in sonorous voices and with amplitude of gesture. But that was a good many years ago, and American colleagues tell me that both the players and the plays have greatly improved in quality, and that barn-storming is the exception, not the rule.

An English actor who has gathered both "moss" and laurels in the States (so I read) is at present in England on a holiday with a special view to studying the possibilities of the Show-Boat. He is cruising in a little yacht in the southern and eastern counties, trying to find out whether our waterways will permit the innovation. I am no expert on the geographical question, but, looking at the map, I think that there must be in the neighbourhood of London adequate inter-canalisation to warrant a continuous tour. There are many villages by the waterside which, especially in the winter months, are starved of entertainment beyond a sing-song at a local hall, and their denizens would flock to a theatrical entertainment, because touring companies would hardly find it worth their while to risk a one-night stand in these days of expensive locomotion. So the young actor thinks that he need not fear competition or lack of patronage. When the Show-Boats began in America, the idea was laughed at, and the prophets predicted that they would spell ruin. The reverse has proved the fallacy. Fortunes have been made by these canal-pilgrims; in the last forty years have arisen dynasties of "floating" showmen, who enjoy the monopoly of whole districts, where their visits have become hardy "bi-annuals." I have not been able to ascertain what kind of vessel the pioneer intends to acquire; at first building is out of the question, as it would be too costly for an experiment. Probably a second-hand yacht suitably adapted will meet the case, which will be merely a test whether the English villagers are as receptive to the idea as the Americans. If it succeeds, so I understand, there are American capitalists ready to back the scheme, and then a suitable boat would be built in America, where these floating theatres are as completely equipped as the best playhouses on *terra firma*. Inquiries as to repertory and actors have so far met with the cryptic reply, "Wait and see"—although that part of the enterprise offers no difficulties whatever: "there are the plays; there are the people; there is the money too!" At present

all depends on the practical intercommunication by water from Surrey to Essex. If that offers no obstacles to a voyage comprising a hundred townlets and villages with an average population of 1000 inhabitants (the original basis in America), we may look forward to

master, but he had other arrows in his quiver, and he would plant his apple on the topmost pole. At first he thought of "Hamlet"—and if one knows one's Hicks well, there is every reason to believe that he would give a very telling, human reading of the part.

But Hamlet is essentially a juvenile, and, latterly, it has become the goal of *jeunes premiers* rather than of the seasoned character-actor. He may do it still, but he would first look round and see whether in the classics—old and modern—there was not material less familiar and wholly suitable to him. Whereupon one of his friends smiled and said, "But, Seymour, the literature of Europe is full of Hicks parts." "Name them," he said; and the other replied, "Well, at a first go-off, I see three characters that would fit you like the proverbial glove. First of all, there is Mascarille in 'Les Précieuses Ridicules,' by Molière, Coquelin's immortal battle-horse. There is an excellent translation by Edgar Jepson, the well-known novelist—it is the finest equivalent in our language of Molière's style. You would be the ideal valet masquerading as a *grand seigneur*. Unfortunately, it is not long enough to fill an evening. You might, by way of contrast, play it as a preface to your next farce from the French—it would make a capital programme. Next you might consider Ibsen's 'Enemy of the People,' the wonderful, satirical, tragi-comical foil to 'The Wild Duck.' Tree scored in it at the Haymarket in 1893, and it has never been revived since



"THARK": JONES, THE BUTLER (ALIAS DETH) ALARMS THE HOUSE-PARTY AT THE HAUNTED HOUSE: AN AMUSING MOMENT IN THE NEW FARCE AT THE ALDWYCH.

"Thark," Mr. Ben Travers's latest farce, provides some amusing ghost-hunting scenes, as well as other delightfully ludicrous situations. The above photograph shows (from left to right): Mrs. Frush (Mary Brough), Ronnie (Ralph Lynn), Kitty (Winifred Shotton), Hook (J. Robertson Hare), Sir Hector Benbow (Tom Walls), and Lady Benbow (Ethel Coleridge) alarmed by the funeral mien of Jones (Gordon James), the butler, in the haunted house.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

a new activity in our World of the Theatre under the pennant of "The Show-Boat."

Not very long ago that prince of comedians, Seymour Hicks, said to some friends of the Press that he wanted to do "big things" before he was

he repeated his clever characterisation in 1909. As we are going to have an Ibsen Festival in London next year, it might fit in; or, if you prefer it, you could put it up for a run about the time of his centenary in March. Here is a character-study in which you can give all you have in you—caustic humour, grim humour, and, in the end, dramatic humour."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hicks. "'The Enemy of the People'—I remember. I will read it over again. I see, I see!"—and he went over certain scenes that lingered in his memory of Tree's performance. "Steady," warned the mentor; "there is one other play that I would recommend to you—by one of the greatest authors of France, never performed in English, almost unknown even among the readers of Balzac's novels. I refer to 'Mercadet,' that powerful story of the financial schemer and octopus. How did it escape Tree's notice while it belonged to the repertory of the French State theatres? Latterly it has become the vogue of the leading actors in Germany, Austria, and Holland. How does it happen that our repertory and Sunday theatres have overlooked this fascinating work, which, if rightly acted, is as brilliant as Molière in his day? True, it demands a complete reconstruction of the French *milieu* of last century's 'fifties, and an actor of such subtle penetration as can build up the character

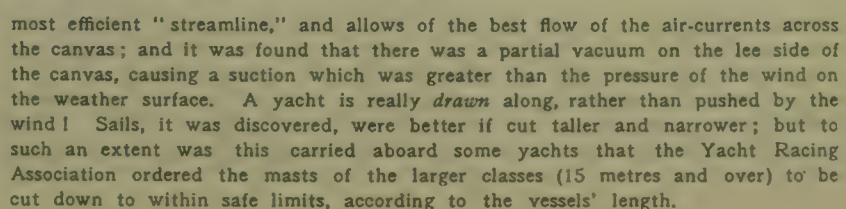
from within, by spirit rather than by mere reading of the dialogue. If I were you, Seymour Hicks, I would try my hand at 'Mercadet'—of which Mr. William Agate, the critic's brother, has made a vital English version. Oh, I know it will be 'throwing a die': you may score a brilliant success or a brilliant failure. But what a chance! All the literary world will flock to it—Balzac is a name to conjure with." As they say in stage-directions: Seymour Hicks was left pondering! Then: "I will read the plays. I will consult my backers." And as we left he was all aglow with enthusiasm for "the big push" to come.



IN "THARK," AT THE ALDWYCH: UNCLE AND NEPHEW PREPARE TO WATCH FOR THE GHOST—MR. RALPH LYNN AS RONNIE, AND MR. TOM WALLS AS SIR HECTOR (RIGHT).

Mr. Tom Walls and Mr. Ralph Lynn are born comedians, and their laughter-making successes in "The Cuckoo in the Nest" and "Rookery Nook" have now been succeeded by equally amusing absurdities in Mr. Ben Travers's latest farce, "Thark." They play the parts of uncle and nephew, and together embark on a vigil in the haunted room at "Thark" in order to sift the mystery of the ghost!

too old (as if he ever could be anything but ever-green!). It was all very well to make success and money in that lighter art of which he is the past-



INFANTS' HEADS BOUND TO ELONGATE THE SKULL: A MONGBETTU CUSTOM.

By T. ALEXANDER BARNES.

Those curious people, the Mongbettu, who dwell on the Congo-Sudan border, have a number of peculiarities. None of these is more remarkable than their practice of binding the heads of their infant children so tightly that they cause an amazing elongation of

to a large open space that fronted the village, carrying all the lamps we had with us. The village itself lay dimly discerned in the blackness of an extensive palm-grove behind, and out of this shadowy figures seemed to be moving inquisitively behind and around us. Muffled tom-toms were beating, and flickering gleams shone out from beneath the eaves of the enormous shed in which the dance was to take place. It was a huge erection, the high roof supported on mast-like poles. A fire of logs had been lit in the centre of the building, and, burning brightly, gave the only illumination (and, I may add, plenty of smoke as well). One portion of the floor was raised some-

Chairs were brought, and we sat down eagerly to watch and gather impressions from the entertainment old Ikibondo was about to provide for us. The fire was made up, and then the drums started again. The chief himself opened the ceremony with a *pas de seul*; but, being so tightly strung up with his bark cloth and belts, he did little more than strut stiffly around to a slow measure of the drums and clapping and swinging of arms on the part of the women. Of course, this had a flattering double encore from the seated harem; so he went through the performance twice again. After that the real fun began, and, as midnight wore on to morning, it became fast and furious, until, the big shed becoming too overcrowded and too hot, another bonfire was kindled outside, where a great circle of dancers was formed. Here we drew up the four cars, and, turning on their headlights, lit up the scene with great effect.

After the Chief had danced, his wives followed suit; and it was not until this happened that we could get a really good look at them, for they came round one by one and gave us excellent opportunity. They were an interesting and pleasing lot, most of them with the pronounced elongated head characteristic of the tribe. Some of them had their hair spread out on a kind of frame, to form a flat, plate-like erection on the top of the head; and others had their hair plaited and knotted in lines over the skull, somewhat after the fashion of the East Coast women. They had no tattooing on their skin, and, in fact, no cuts or ornamentation of any kind; but they did have one unique custom, or fashion—that of wearing behind little round rush mats (known as the *negbie*), each one of a different, neatly-woven pattern in black and white, kept in place by a string round the waist which is fastened in front by a contrivance that takes the place of a buckle, but is made of rush-work. This contrivance is known as the *beri*; the string has a name to itself also, and is known as the *teri*. In front these women wear the usual bark cloth apron, and the "mat" behind is a covering, as well as something to sit on.

These miniature mats flapped as their owners danced a weird shuffle to the time of the drums. At intervals the drum-measure would go faster and



IKIBONDO, CH'EF OF THE "LONG-HEADED" MONGBETTU (LEFT), WITH A SELECTION OF HIS WIVES: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CHIEF'S DRESS AS SEEN FROM THE BACK; AND THE MAT WORN BY THE WOMEN AS A COVERING AND AS A "CUSHION" TO SIT UPON.

The Chief's wives wore little rush mats behind, each of a different, neatly woven pattern in black and white, a contrivance uniting a covering and a "cushion" to sit upon. The varied coiffures will also be noted.

the skull. This is discussed in the article below and is illustrated opposite. It is interesting, by the way, when dealing with this lengthening, to remember the Tell-el-Amarna quartzite portrait-head of Tutankhamen's wife, or sister-in-law (one of the daughters of Akhenaten), which seems to show an unusually long skull, although, as a matter of fact, if precise measurements be made, it will be found that the elongation is more apparent than real, being probably not more than an inch beyond the normal. (See "The Illustrated London News" of July 9.) Mr. Barnes visited the tribe in question while conducting a party of distinguished Americans from Cairo to the Cape recently, a journey of six thousand miles. The following is from the explorer's journal.

IT was late and quite dark when we arrived and drew our four cars up in line before the grass shack which was to be our abode for the night. At this late hour we were all mighty hungry, and the first thing to see about was dinner. In the circumstances, its preparation took some time, which we filled in with whisky-and-sodas and quinine and a chat over the incidents of the day. Ikibondo, the Sultan of the Mongbettu, took this opportunity and put in an appearance in his full war-paint, and he certainly cut a fine figure. Taking a lamp in my hand, I looked full at him: to find a black-skinned, thick-set, big-framed man, with a pug-nosed, thick-lipped, humorous face. He was dressed in the accustomed gala rig-out of these northern Congo tribes—to wit, a thick piece of bark cloth pulled up between his legs and tied extremely tightly around his waist with an inch-thick twisted rope of palm fibre, so that the fabric stood out in a stiff frill above his waist. Over the rope belt was another made of striped okapi skin, one strip of which dangled stiffly forward down to his knees. On his head was a fez-shaped hat of basket-work, bearing a big plume of red feathers of the plantain-eater in front, and, behind, a bunch of black-and-white feathers of the rhinoceros-bird—a very *chic* hat indeed, and stuck to his hair with an ivory pin! He wore a few bracelets, but was otherwise unadorned; however, he carried in his hand what appears to be an emblem of high rank amongst most of the northern Congo tribes, a switch formed of a bunch of stiff raphia-splinters bound together. He had come to tell us that he was getting up in our honour a dance which would begin in half an hour.

Having finished our meal, and having heard from the chief that the dancers were ready, we repaired

what higher than the rest, and on this, seated on low stools, were about a hundred women, only one of them really old, and she, sitting by herself and advanced from the others as if of more importance, was, we afterwards found, the youngest of Ikibondo's father's wives, whom he had inherited. The others were all his wives as well, many of them mere children.

In the fire-light and receding into the dark recesses of the smoky background, they looked like rows of ebony images, with glassy eyes moving strangely and regarding us.

Along the side of the building was the "jazz band"—wooden tom-toms held between the knees of squatting black boys, some large, some small, some merely hollowed slabs of wood, others of the usual type with dried skins drawn over them. Standing at the far end of the place, which had open ends and sides, were collected probably a hundred or more wide-eyed, expectant tribesmen. They also, touched by the yellow gleams of flame, formed still another "primeval carving," as if some uncouth craftsman in ebony had wrought a masterpiece depicting a multitude of black souls standing on the brink of purgatory.



SEATED BEHIND POTTERY JARS WHICH ILLUSTRATE THE TRIBE'S HABIT OF ELONGATING THE HEADS OF ITS MEMBERS: A MONGBETTU WITH SPECIMENS OF THE NATIVE WARE, AND HOLDING TWO "CANNIBAL" KNIVES.

The Mongbettu are excellent craftsmen, particularly in sculpture-pottery, wood-carving, weaving, basket-work, and iron-work. The "cannibal" knives held by the man in the photograph are used during ceremonial dances. Formerly, they were not only so used, but were the carving knives with which the human bodies which were to be eaten were cut up. Each knife has two holes through its blade. These were made to look through; and it was believed that a person looking through these holes would be able to pick out from those confronting him anyone bearing him ill-will!

faster, ending in a pause on a final critical drum-beat. There were a number of different dances, including a circumcision dance, suggestive of pain. The dancers went round and round in a rhythmic shuffle, swaying from side to side in a way that was no doubt pleasing and stirring to the senses. It was not until the

[Continued on page 208.]



INFANTS'
SKULLS
ELONGATED
BY
PRESSURE:
THE ASTONISHING
MONGBETTU CUSTOM
OF
SO BINDING THE
HEADS OF
YOUNG CHILDREN
THAT THEY ARE
FORCED INTO
AN
ABNORMAL SHAPE.

A MONGBETTU BABY WITH ITS HEAD COMPRESSED BY A BAND OF BARK CLOTH ROUND THE FOREHEAD AND THE NAPE OF THE NECK, AND THE SKULL ELONGATED IN CONSEQUENCE: A LONG-HEADED INFANT AND ITS MOTHER.



A MONGBETTU YOUNGSTER WITH ARTIFICIALLY ELONGATED HEAD: THE FAVOURITE DAUGHTER OF IKIBONDO, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE; SHOWING THE LENGTHENED SKULL, AND ONE OF THE MANY VARIETIES OF HAIR-DRESSING FAVOURED.



A CORNER OF THE ROYAL VILLAGE OF CHIEF IKIBONDO OF THE MONGBETTU: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE COLOURED, DECORATIVE PATTERNS ON THE LOWER PART OF THE STRUCTURES, AN ART CONFINED TO A FEW FAMILIES.



THE CHIEF WEARING A BELT OF OKAPI SKIN, WHICH FREQUENTLY DENOTES KINGLY RANK IN NORTHERN CONGO: IKIBONDO IN TRIBAL DRESS; AND WEARING A FEZ-SHAPED HAT, OF BASKET-WORK WITH PLUMES, FIXED TO HIS HAIR WITH AN IVORY PIN.

AS is noted in the article on the opposite page, the Mongbettu of the Congo-Sudan border bind the heads of their infant children in order that the skull may be elongated. The origin of this curious custom cannot be given, but it has been claimed that this treatment of the skull enlarges the brain-cavity, with beneficial results to the intelligence of the race! The practice, says Mr. Barns, is confined to this particular tribe; and he notes: "We saw the process at work on the heads of some of the babies, and it astonished us. The operation is performed by wrapping a piece of bark cloth round the head and binding it tightly over this, across the forehead, and round the nape of the neck, with many strands of fibre string. This remains on for months, while the child grows. The pressure of growth against the binding is so acute at times that sores are formed at the edge

[Continued opposite.]



A MONGOLIAN EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE HEAD-BINDING CUSTOM: THE PECULIAR "LIFT" GIVEN TO THE EYELIDS BY THE PULLING UPWARDS OF THE SKIN OF THE FACE AND FOREHEAD.

Continued.] of the cord, sometimes with fatal results to the child; but this is infrequent, for Mongbettu mothers look after their offspring with great solicitude. An effect of this contortion is to pull the skin of the face and forehead upwards, and this stretching of the skin-folds of the eyelids entirely alters the appearance and the set of the eye itself, conferring a Mongolian look to the face, although these peculiarities have a tendency to disappear in later life." The Mongbettu, it may be added, probably number under, rather than over, ten thousand. They excel in certain forms of rude art, notably in sculpture-pottery, wood-carving, basket-work, weaving, and iron-work. Their huts and buildings are sound and ingenious in construction, and many of them are artistically adorned with red, yellow, and black-and-white decorations in intricate circular and geometrical patterns.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

It does not often happen that new books bear on current events, for a book, as a rule, is an event in itself, creating its own topicality. Recent happenings in Ireland, however, lend a certain topical interest to "THE LIFE OF TIM HEALY." By Liam O'Flaherty. With Portrait Frontispiece (Cape; 12s. 6d.), in view of the family relationship between the Governor-General of the Irish Free State and the murdered Minister for Justice and External Affairs. Naturally the book throws no light on the causes of the outrage, having been published, indeed, some time before, but it shows something of the undercurrents that still trouble the waters of Irish politics. It is, moreover, valuable as a self-revelation of Irish mentality.

The author assesses his own work in a spirit of ironic mockery unusual in biographers. "When the Governor-General [he begins] heard that I was about to write his Life, he humorously threatened to write my Life in revenge." Hurrying to be first in the field, Mr. O'Flaherty continues: "I realised that, if I were to escape with my life from the critics . . . I must copy the methods in which his Excellency's Life of me would be sure to be written. . . And now I am a trifle awed by the result. For I hardly recognise it as my own work. It seems that I have been possessed while writing it by some merry imp; no, not always merry, but devilishly bitter at times."

Either the author or his "merry imp" has produced a volume that is as lively as it is provocative, while the "devilish bitterness" to which he confesses is most marked, perhaps, in the closing chapters on the strife in Ireland after the election of 1918. "During this war [we read] Tim Healy was a spectator. . . The Sinn Féiners frequently came to him for advice. His nephew, Kevin O'Higgins, was also coming into prominence in the Sinn Féin movement, and through this medium Healy was kept in touch with events." Then came the Treaty of Dec. 5, 1921, which "split the Irish people into two factions." Ultimately "William Cosgrave became President of the Irish Free State, with Kevin O'Higgins, Healy's nephew, as Minister of Justice, and Healy became Governor-General (on Dec. 6, 1922). . . As soon as his Excellency took possession of the Viceregal Lodge, it was immediately named 'Uncle Tim's Cabin.'"

The recrudescence of assassination somewhat mars the picture drawn in the concluding chapter: "The civil war is now almost forgotten. The country is more peaceful than it has ever been. . . Instead of the destructive political activity which was peculiar to Ireland in the past, there is now no controversy other than excited disputes about drains, electrical atoms, sheep dip, flu, beetroot, butter, eggs, shoes, soap, and herrings." Even amid this catalogue of prosaic tranquillity, however, one detects a latent spirit of dispute, and the writer himself admits that he is "opposed to his Excellency on almost every conceivable subject that can interest an Irishman—religion, politics, ethics, sociology, and culture." Ireland, it seems, remains a battle-ground of opinion.

Another quarter of the realm, more happily associated with recent occasions, is represented by "THE MEDIEVAL CASTLE IN SCOTLAND" (Rhind Lectures in Archaeology, 1925-6). By W. Mackay Mackenzie. With sixty-nine illustrations and nineteen plans. (Methuen; 15s.). The author traces the evolution of the Scottish castle, not only as a structure, but in its relation to national life and government. He does not pretend to give an exhaustive account of all castellated buildings in Scotland, but those of importance are described as typical of their general development. Thus, among others, we get much interesting detail regarding the early history and construction of Edinburgh Castle, of Holyrood Palace, and of Craigmillar Castle, the scene of the Scottish historical pageant.

Of Holyrood Mr. Mackenzie recalls: "In the early sixteenth century James V. of Scotland 'foundit ane fair pallice in the abbey of Halirudhous and ane greit towre to himself to rest into quhene he pleissit to come to the town.'" Of Craigmillar we read: "The property came into the hands of Simon Preston, an Edinburgh burgess, in 1374 . . . and the tower probably dates from about that time. . . One cardinal fact in the history of the castle is its being sacked and burned by the Earl of Hertford in 1544. It surrendered upon condition that no damage was done. . . Reconstruction to some extent must then have followed upon Hertford's breach of faith."

Architecture is, of all the arts, the most dependent on illustration for purposes of criticism and comparison. Pictures and statues are largely concentrated in galleries; the world's literature can be assembled in a library; music, for the listener, is independent of visual presentment; but to appreciate the growth of architecture illustrations are indispensable, for, even if one could visit every great building, it would be hardly possible to carry the details

in memory. Students of "the mistress art," as Sir Reginald Blomfield calls it, owe a great debt, therefore, to the beautiful reproductions in such a series as Batsford's "Historical Architecture" Library, all the volumes in which are abundantly illustrated with first-rate photographs, drawings, plans, and diagrams.

Two of the four volumes which have reached me are devoted to "THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE." A History of the Evolution of the Arts of Building, Decoration, and Garden Design under Classical Influence from 1495 to 1830. By the late W. H. Ward, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. Second Edition Revised by Sir John W. Simpson, P.P.R.I.B.A. (Batsford; 21s. per volume, or £2 for the pair.) The first volume, which contains 259 illustrations, covers the period from 1495 to 1640, and the second from 1640 to 1830, with 214 illustrations. Not the least attractive element in this work is the author's personality, to which the editor pays a generous tribute.

"Ward's breadth of view, conciseness of expression,



STORY-TELLERS OF THE MARKET-PLACE: PATRIARCHS OF MOROCCO WHO HAD BEEN TALKING FOR FOUR HOURS WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN!

The two old men seen sitting opposite to one another in the centre of the group were telling seemingly interminable stories, to the accompaniment of that three-stringed instrument, the "Jimbri," while their rapt audience of Arabs, Berbers, and Negroes occasionally spurred them on with long-drawn "Ahs!" The photograph was taken at four o'clock in the afternoon, and the men had been talking since noon.

and extraordinary accuracy," writes Sir John Simpson "make his books invaluable to all students of French architecture. . . This gentle, reticent scholar was capable of a rare determination. Nearly fifty years old at the beginning of the Great War, of fragile constitution and quite uninterested in military matters, he joined straightway the ranks of the New Army. . . The close of the



A MOUNTED POLICEMAN IN MOROCCO: A KEEPER OF ORDER IN AN OPEN-AIR MARKET OUTSIDE FEZ.

This photograph shows one of the native mounted police attending an open-air market outside Fez; and a very picturesque figure he presents, with his striped burnous, blue cloak, yellow slippers, and saddle-cloth of dark crimson.

war found him R.T.O., aptly enough at Padua, where he would amaze and delight the Italian officers by capping a chance quotation from Dante."

Mr. Ward had himself revised his work before his death, and comparatively little alteration was found necessary. For various reasons, more drastic revision was required in preparing a new edition of that well-known standard work, "THE ARCHITECTURE OF GREECE AND ROME." By William J. Anderson, A.R.I.B.A., and R. Phené Spiers, F.R.I.B.A. In this subject excavation and research, as our readers are aware from the frequent records in these pages, have added immensely to modern knowledge. The project of a new edition had been considered before the war, but the delay which it caused, and the death of both the authors, necessitated placing the

work in other hands. It has now been divided into two separate volumes—"THE ARCHITECTURE OF ANCIENT GREECE." Revised and Rewritten by William Bell Dinsmoor, Professor of Architecture in Columbia University, New York, and in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. With 203 Illustrations (150 new); and "THE ARCHITECTURE OF ANCIENT ROME." Revised and Rewritten by Thomas Ashby, D.Litt., F.S.A., late Director of the British School at Rome. With 202 Illustrations (Batsford; 21s. each volume).

Explaining his treatment of the Greek volume, Professor Dinsmoor says it is "practically a new book," and "the material has been freely rearranged"; while "the first chapter, which, on account of the rapid advance in our knowledge of the pre-classical epoch, is perform almost totally new." Students may feel confident, therefore, that full justice has been done to the architectural side of modern discoveries, especially those of Sir Arthur Evans on Minoan sites in Crete. I notice, by the way, in this first chapter a new word cropping up that is liable to cause confusion without some explanation. Professor Dinsmoor refers to "the 'Minyan' invasion of about 2000 B.C. which regained the Peloponnesus for the mainlanders," and to "the 'Minyan' rulers of Mycenae and Tiryns." If the Minyans were mainlanders, there would seem to be no connection between them and the island power of the Minoans.

Introducing the Roman volume, Dr. Thomas Ashby says: "The critical examination of materials and methods of construction and of architectural forms has entered on quite a new stage, and a number of new problems present themselves for solution. . . The introduction of more accurate habits of observation (and of more adequate processes of reproduction) and the growth of a more critical spirit are factors which, while they may lead to a temporary unsettling of what was hitherto generally accepted, must inevitably lead to the strengthening of the basis of our knowledge. . ." I do not observe any allusion to the latest excavations at Rome or Herculaneum, but perhaps these have so far not added much to architectural records. There is a full account of the recent discoveries at Ostia, which have been illustrated from time to time in this paper, and the book concludes with an interesting chapter on private life among the Romans.

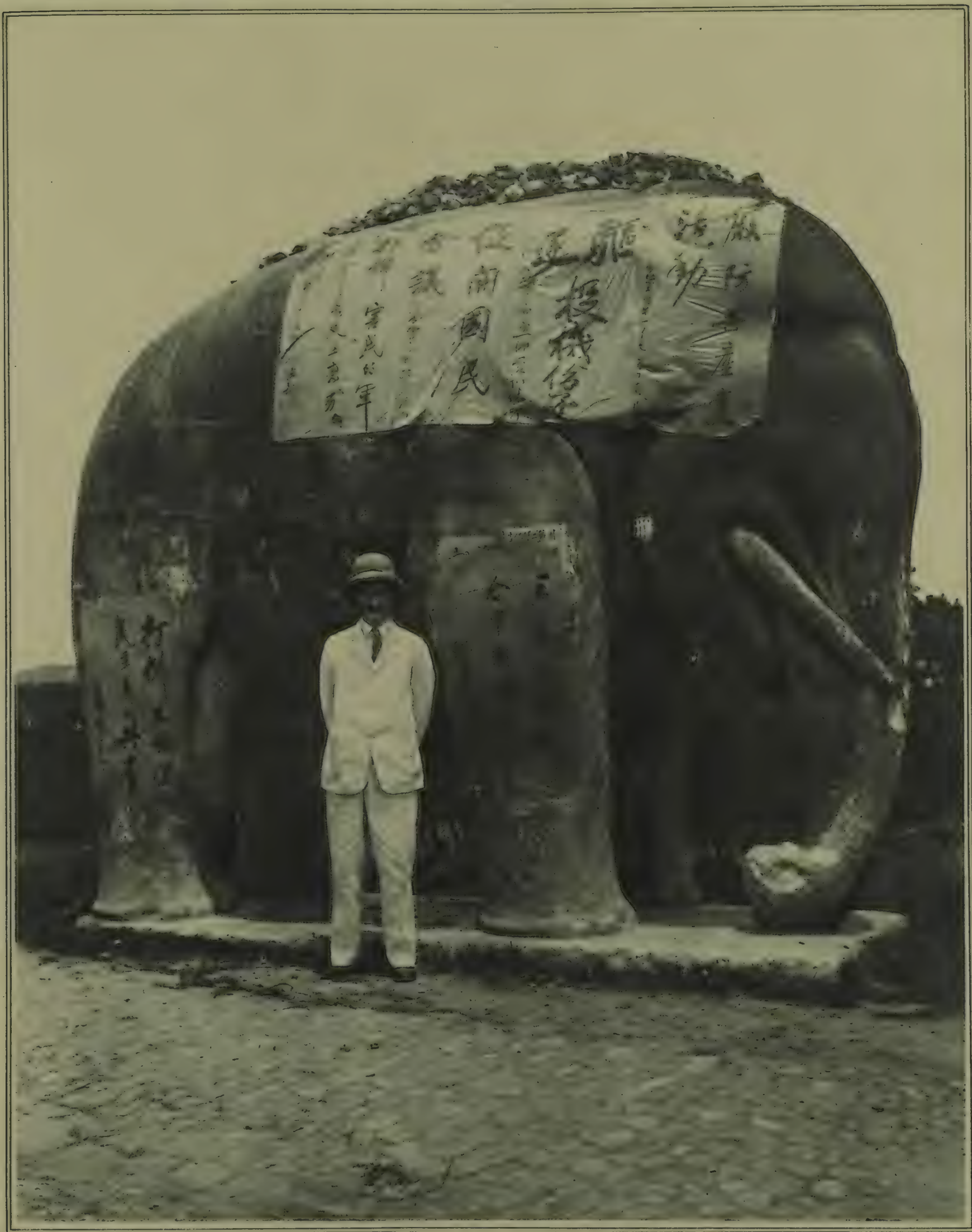
Dr. Ashby finds more scope for his own individuality, and his obvious preference for the human side of antiquarian studies, in a delightful new book of his own—"THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA IN CLASSICAL TIMES." By Thomas Ashby, D.Litt. With a Map and many Illustrations (Benn; 21s.). The Campagna, he remarks, has an elusive charm very difficult to put into words, and he quotes the late Jerome K. Jerome on the superiority of illustrations to word-painting for conveying the beauties of scenery. But Dr. Ashby himself, fortified by the camera, has succeeded very well in imparting both the natural and the historic attractions of a romantic region that is rapidly yielding to modernity. "In one's less sternly moral moments [he says] one even acquires the feeling that every fine day spent indoors, with the Campagna so close, is in a sense wasted. And has not Stevenson written a most effective apology for idlers?" That is the right mood of geniality which robs topography of its terrors for the general reader.

The needs of the average tourist (such as myself) who wanders into cathedrals and village churches with an uninstructed mind, and feels that "a little learning," however "dangerous," might be better than much ignorance, have been kept in view by the authors of two excellent little books which I have only space to mention briefly. One is "ENGLISH GOTHIC CHURCHES." The Story of Their Architecture. By Charles W. Budden, M.A., M.D., Editor of "The Liverpool Review." Illustrated (Batsford; 7s. 6d.). "No country in the world," says Dr. Budden, "can vie with England in its wealth of parochial buildings," and I am sure his work will give many a motorist and holiday-maker an increased capacity for enjoyment. A useful companion work, on a particular branch of church architecture, is "ENGLISH GOTHIC FOLIAGE SCULPTURE." By Samuel Gardner. With 112 full-page Photographs (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.). "Our English stiff-leaf," writes the author, "is one of the chief glories of our national architecture." And now, having told my ponderous tale, I feel to some extent qualified for a share in that celebrated epitaph—

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

C. E. B.

A MING TOMB FIGURE AS A HOARDING: VANDALISM IN CHINA.



KUOMINTANG PROPAGANDA POSTERS ON AN ELEPHANT OF THE MING TOMBS: A PUBLICITY METHOD DESIGNED TO IMPRESS CHINESE PILGRIMS.

One at least of the famous elephants near the Ming Tombs, near Nanking, has been put to very unusual—one might almost say sacrilegious—use; for it has been plastered with Kuomintang propaganda posters. Translated, the large poster at the top reads: "Put down Communism. Expel those who would disrupt the Kuomintang Party. Attend the Nationalist Party Conference." The front-leg

poster refers to the "Three Peoples Principles of Sun Yat Sen"; and the one on the hind-leg to the anti-Communist campaign. The stones on the elephant's back are the result of an old Chinese superstition, which has it that if a stone thrown on to the top of the figure by a Chinese woman remains there, her next child will be a boy; and that if it should fall down, the next child will be a girl.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST KING OF GREATER RUMANIA:



THE NEW KING OF RUMANIA: HIS MAJESTY KING MICHAEL, THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD GRAND-SON OF THE DEAD RULER.



IN DEEP MOURNING FOR KING FERDINAND: QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA AND HER SECOND DAUGHTER, QUEEN MARIE OF JUGO-SLAVIA, ON THE BALCONY OF THE CASTLE AT SINAIA, AS THE BODY OF THE KING WAS STARTING FOR BUCHAREST.



THE FORMER HEIR TO THE RUMANIAN THRONE, PRINCE CAROL (NOW KNOWN AS CAROL CARAIMAN) ATTENDING THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO HIS FATHER IN PARIS: THE PRINCE ARRIVING AT THE RUMANIAN CHURCH IN THE RUE JEAN DE BEAUVAIS.

BUCHAREST AND PARIS SCENES—MOURNING, AND A SERVICE.



THE FIRST KING OF GREATER RUMANIA: THE LATE KING FERDINAND I., WHO DIED AT HIS CASTLE OF SINAIA ON JULY 20.



THE REMOVAL OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF KING FERDINAND FROM SINAIA TO BUCHAREST: THE ARRIVAL OF THE COFFIN AT SINAIA STATION.

King Ferdinand I., the first ruler of Greater Rumania, died at his Castle at Sinaia, on July 20, after an illness of considerable duration. The new Sovereign, the boy King Michael, is his grandson, the child of his son, Prince Carol, now known as Carol Caraiman, and Princess Helen of Greece, now known as the Princess of Rumania. King Michael's father renounced his rights to the succession in 1925, and on December 31 of that year the little Prince Michael was created



ON HIS DEATH-BED: THE LATE KING FERDINAND I., WHO WAS BORN ON AUGUST 24, 1865, NEPHEW OF THE LATE KING CAROL; AND SUCCEEDED ON OCTOBER 11, 1914.

Heir-Apparent. It was thought at one time that there might be an attempt at a *coup d'état* by followers of Prince Carol; but the succession came about without incident. On July 24, a service in memory of the late King was held in the Rumanian Church in the Rue Jean de Beauvais, Paris, and Prince Carol, who resides in Neuilly, attended. When the Prince left some members of the crowd, assumed to be Rumanian students, raised cries of "Vive Carol!"

THE BOY KING MICHAEL OF RUMANIA: HIS FIRST CEREMONY.



THE LITTLE KING AT THE TAKING OF THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE BY THE REGENTS: HIS MAJESTY (LEFT) WATCHING THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE OATH BY THE PATRIARCH OF MOLDAVIA.

On the afternoon of the day of the death of King Ferdinand of Rumania the three Regents appointed by the Act of Succession of January 1926 took the oath of allegiance to the boy King Michael in person, before the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies assembled in joint session in Bucharest. The oath was administered by Mgr. Pimen Georgesco, the Metropolitan of Moldavia. The Regents are Prince Nicholas, uncle of the little King; Mgr. Miron Cristea, the Patriarch of Rumania; and M. Buzdugan, the First President of the Court of

Cassation. It was arranged that the officers of the Army should take the oath on the same day. In the course of a Proclamation, the Government said: "Unshakable in our devotion to the Dynasty and in our respect for the constitution and laws of the country, let us centre on King Michael our love and our faith in our nation's destiny." The little King was born on October 25, 1921, and was created Heir Apparent on December 31, 1925, after his father, Prince Carol, had renounced his rights to the succession.

SOCIETY'S "COUNTRY HOUSE" RACE-MEETING: THE GOODWOOD OF 1927.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FINISH OF THE STEWARDS' CUP, WHICH WAS WON BY MR. J. B. JOEL'S PRIORY PARK: THE FIELD RACING UP THE SLOPE OF THE TRUNDLE, TO PULL UP.



THE CROWD ON THE FAMOUS ST. ROCHE'S HILL (COMMONLY CALLED THE TRUNDLE) AND THE COURSE: SOCIETY'S "COUNTRY-HOUSE" RACE-MEETING IN PROGRESS.

Goodwood, which began on Tuesday, July 26, is essentially Society's "country-house" race-meeting, and there is always a certain informality about it, despite the customary presence of the King. This year, his Majesty stayed, as usual, at Goodwood House, but on this occasion the party was a bachelor one, as it was felt that the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's health would not stand the strain of much entertaining. His Grace, in fact, did not go to the meeting

on the first day, but inspected the course on the day before. Amongst the guests at Goodwood House, in addition to his Majesty, were Lord Lonsdale, Lord Durham, Lord Sefton, and Major Fetherstonhaugh. Goodwood, it need scarcely be said, is the social function which marks the close of the London season. It is also a landmark in the flat-racing of the year, as it closes the first half of the season under Jockey Club rules.

A Silver Jubilee Portrait: The "Queen Victoria" for Madrid.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY PHILIP A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O., RECENTLY ON EXHIBITION AT THE FRENCH GALLERY IN LONDON. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

A PICTURE WHICH, WITH A COMPANION PAINTING OF KING ALFONSO, IS TO BE PLACED IN THE MODERN ART GALLERY, MADRID.

As is generally known, this is Silver Jubilee Year in Spain; for King Alfonso took up the reins of government on the 17th of May, 1902. It is appropriate, therefore, that a portrait of his Majesty in the year of his Jubilee should find permanent place in the Modern Art Gallery of Madrid, with the companion portrait of Queen Victoria which is reproduced above. It need hardly

be said that King Alfonso was proclaimed King, under the regency of his mother, on the day of his birth, May 17, 1886. His marriage to Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg took place on May 31, 1906. Mr. de Laszlo's fine paintings of the Princesses Beatrice and Maria Christina were published in colours in the "Sketch" dated July 20.

"Mosi-oa-Tunya"—"Smoke that Thunders": The Greatest River-Wonder of the World.

AFTER THE PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. WILLIAM DAVIS, OF BULAWAYO. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER: THE GREAT CATARACTS WHOSE MAIN FALL EXCEEDS THE HEIGHT OF ST. PAUL'S.

The Victoria Falls in Southern Rhodesia, on the Zambesi River, have been well described as the Eighth Wonder of the World. Some idea of their extent may be gauged from the fact that they are almost two and a half times as high as Niagara, and roughly twice as wide. The noise of the river falling into the vast chasm is as thunder; while the spray cloud, which forms a constant veil, is visible some forty miles away; hence the native name, "Mosi-oa-tunya"—"smoke that thunders." The Falls, it may be added, are seen to great advantage between July and October, but they

are probably even more impressive when the greater volume of water comes over during the wet months from January to May. They may be visited at any period, and they are the sublimest of the sights set in the varied scenery of South Africa, which is coming into such favour as a land of travel during the English winter. In this connection, it may be useful to our readers to know that any particulars they may desire with regard to tours in South Africa, including a visit to the Falls, can be had in London on application to the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.

A Link of the Cape-to-Cairo Route: The World's Highest Bridge.

After the Photograph by Mr. William Dore, of Bulawayo. Copyright Reserved.



WHERE TRAINS ARE WASHED BY THE SPRAY: THE SLENDER SPAN OVER THE FIRST GORGE OF THE GRAND CANYON, TWO HUNDRED YARDS BELOW THE VICTORIA FALLS.

The bridge, which was constructed in a one-arch span of five hundred feet, is six hundred and fifty feet long, and stands at an elevation of four hundred feet above low-water level in the Gorge. It was built at this point at the wish of Cecil Rhodes, that it might form a link in the great scheme of the Cape-to-Cairo route; and it connects the main line of railway from Cape Town to Southern Rhodesia

with Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo. At high water, trains passing over it are washed by the spray of the Falls. As our photograph witnesses, it detracts in no way from the natural beauties of its neighbourhood; indeed, if anything, it graces the rugged grandeur of the Grand Canyon. The Falls, it may be noted, were discovered and named by Livingstone in November 1855.

AN "ORDINARY PASSENGER": PRINCE AND PREMIER VISIT CANADA.



THE PEACE BRIDGE, LINKING BUFFALO, U.S.A. (RIGHT), AND FORT ERIE, CANADA, ON WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL MEET THE U.S. VICE-PRESIDENT: A MEMORIAL TO THE HUNDRED YEARS OF PEACE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE DOMINION.



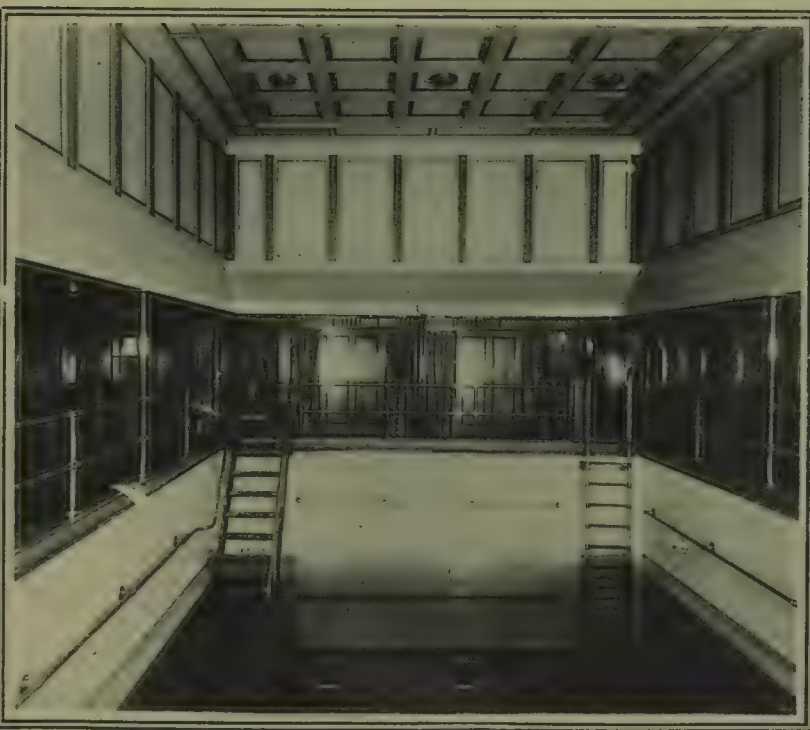
INCLUDING THAT "ORDINARY PASSENGER," THE PRINCE OF WALES: A GROUP ABOARD THE "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA"—CAPTAIN LATTA, MR. AND MRS. BALDWIN, THE PRINCE, PRINCE GEORGE, AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. N. STUART, V.C.



THE PRINCE'S FAMOUS CANADIAN RANCH, THE "E.P.," WHICH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL VISIT: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROPERTY IN ALBERTA.



IN THE LINER IN WHICH THE PRINCE ASKED THAT HE MIGHT LIVE THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY PASSENGER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S BED-ROOM IN THE "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA."



WHERE THE PRINCE WAS EXPECTED TO TAKE EXERCISE: THE SWIMMING-BATH IN THE "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA."



THE PRINCE'S ACCOMMODATION IN THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S SITTING-ROOM.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George, and the Premier and Mrs. Baldwin, left England in the Canadian Pacific liner, "Empress of Australia," on July 23, for their visit to Canada; and one of the first things the Prince requested was that his brother and himself should be treated as ordinary passengers during the voyage. His Royal Highness's first engagement was at Quebec on July 29, when an official welcome was to be accorded him, and he was to dine at Government House. With particular reference to our photographs, it may be noted that the Prince's ranch in Alberta, which he will visit in August, has been much improved,

and is showing some return for the cash spent in its stocking and development. As to the Peace Bridge, the Prince and Mr. Baldwin will drive to it from Niagara Falls, on the afternoon of August 7, and on it will meet General Dawes, the Vice-President of the United States, and Mr. Kellogg, the United States Secretary of State. The authorisation of this Peace Bridge involved joint action by the Congress of the United States, the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, the Legislature of the State of New York, and the Parliament of the Province of Ontario. It is under the management of a Board of Trustees.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY



KEEPERLESS—AND VISITED BUT ONCE A WEEK: THE NEW AUTOMATIC, ELECTRICALLY LIT LIGHTHOUSE AT HARTLEPOOL.



AN ETON MEMORIAL AT YPRES: LORD PLUMER LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE SCHOOL IN MEMORY OF ETONIANS WHO FELL IN THE SALIENT.



BRITAIN'S NEW MECHANISED FORCE: TANKS LINED UP FOR INSPECTION BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, AT LUDGERSHALL.



A NEW EXHIBIT AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT GROUP GIVEN BY THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The new lighthouse at Hartlepool does not need a regular keeper, although it has to be visited once a week for cleaning and general inspection. Should the electric light fail, machinery immediately brings into use a warning red light on the shoreward side.—On July 22, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans inspected Kensington now shows the very interesting African Elephant Group illustrated above, in which the elephants, three in number, are in a setting simulating their natural habitat in the Knysna Forest. The South African elephant, by the way, is now almost extinct. The beasts exhibited represent an immature female and a young male from the Addo Bush, and an immature male from the Knysna Forest.—The Ypres Memorial School, whose foundation stone Field-Marshal Lord Plumer laid during his recent visit to the city, is to be set up in the Place Van Den Peereboom in honour of the 342 Etonians who gave their lives in the Salient.—It will be remembered that the Vienna rioting began on July 15.—The Bishop of London held a special open-air Confirmation Service at the country branch of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital on July 22. It will be noted that the patients turned in their beds to



A SEQUEL TO THE RIOTING IN VIENNA: DR. SEIFEL (1), FEDERAL CHANCELLOR OF THE REPUBLIC OF AUSTRIA, AND DR. MICHAEL HAINISCH, THE PRESIDENT (2), IN THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE OF THE POLICEMEN KILLED.



AN OPEN-AIR CONFIRMATION: THE BISHOP OF LONDON HOLDING A SERVICE AT THE ROYAL NATIONAL ORTHOPAEDIC HOSPITAL, BROCKLEY HILL, STANMORE.

PHOTOGRAPHY—HOME AND FOREIGN.



CONSTRUCTED AT A COST OF £1,300,000: THE TAF VECHAN (DRECONSHIRE) WATER SUPPLY BOARD'S NEW PONTSTICILL RESERVOIR AND WORKS.



AT THE FUNERAL OF THOSE KILLED DURING THE RIOTING IN VIENNA: THE WREATH-COVERED COFFINS OUTSIDE THE CENTRAL CEMETERY, VIENNA; AND THE GREAT CROWD OF MOURNERS.

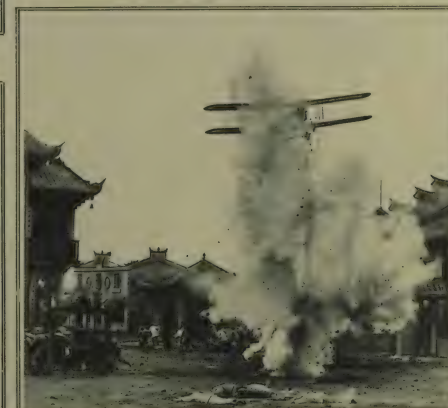


THE CLOSURE OF A LARGE PART OF PICCADILLY FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ROAD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE FOUR MONTHS' REPAIR WORK.

face the altar.—The Pontsticill Reservoir and works were opened on July 21 by Lord Buckland. At the time of the opening, there were 2,000,000,000 gallons of water in the reservoir.—The roadway of Piccadilly is to be reconstructed, and it is estimated that the famous thoroughfare will be closed, as a whole or in part, for three or four months. Operations began on July 25, when the automatic drills got to work between Piccadilly Circus and Bond Street. Needless to say, traffic is much dislocated.—A five-days' test of the Air Defences of London against enemy bombing-squadrons began on July 25, and by the evening of that day, eight raids of varying importance and success had taken place. The bombers went out to sea and came back over the coast from as far east as Aldeburgh, in Suffolk, and as far west along the south coast as Havant. The defending aircraft worked from the sectors which are the protective ring round London. One of our photographs on this double-page was taken during the manoeuvres. The other bombing picture is of a very different kind, for it shows an air attack made for film purposes—to be precise, a machine dropping a bomb on the Chinese village built in a field adjoining the Stag Lane Aerodrome for "The Flight Commander," in which Sir Alan Cobham is taking part.



THE FIVE-DAYS' TEST OF THE AIR DEFENCES OF LONDON AGAINST ENEMY BOMBING-SQUADRONS: BOMBERS RETURNING TO QUARTERS NEAR LONDON, WHILE SCOUTS AWAIT THE NEXT CALL.



MORE SPECTACULAR THAN THE TESTS OF LONDON'S AIR DEFENCES: SIR ALAN COBHAM BOMBING THE CHINESE VILLAGE OF THE FILM "THE FLIGHT COMMANDER."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. E. H. DYER, C.B.
(Born, October 9, 1864; died, July 23.) Brought to prominence by the rebellion at Amritsar, in 1919, his methods during which caused bitter controversy.



MR. THOMAS HARDY AND THE NEW DORCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL: THE FAMOUS AUTHOR SPEAKING WHEN HE LAID THE COMMEMORATION STONE.



CANON F. C. N. HICKS, D.D.
Vicar of Brighton. Nominated to the Bishopric of Gibraltar, in succession to the new Bishop of Guildford.



SIR REGINALD BLOMFIELD, R.A.
Architect of the Menin Gate War Memorial. Devotes himself chiefly to domestic and civil architecture, and garden designs.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DR. C. D. B. KING.
President of Liberia. Has been visiting Great Britain. Has done much to advance the interests of the Liberian Republic.



THE KING OF EGYPT IN LANCASHIRE: HIS MAJESTY AT BANK HALL, TARLETON (THE RESIDENCE OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL N. SEDDON BROWN), WITH HIS SUITE, HIS HOST, MRS. SEDDON BROWN, AND MR. GEOFFREY BROWN.



CONSECRATED ON JULY 25: THE NEW BISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH (DR. E. N. LOVETT),



SIR WILLIAM ASHLEY.

(Born, February 26, 1860; died, July 23.) Famous Economist. Professor of Commerce, Birmingham, 1901-1925; Vice-Principal of Birmingham University, 1918-1925; Professor of Political Economy at Toronto University, 1888-92; Professor of Economic History at Harvard, 1892-1901; joint author of Report of Unionist Social Reform Committee on Industrial Unrest, 1914.



GUESTS OF THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, AT FARNHAM CASTLE: MEMBERS OF THE CONTINUATION COMMITTEE OF THE UNIVERSAL CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE ON LIFE AND WORK.

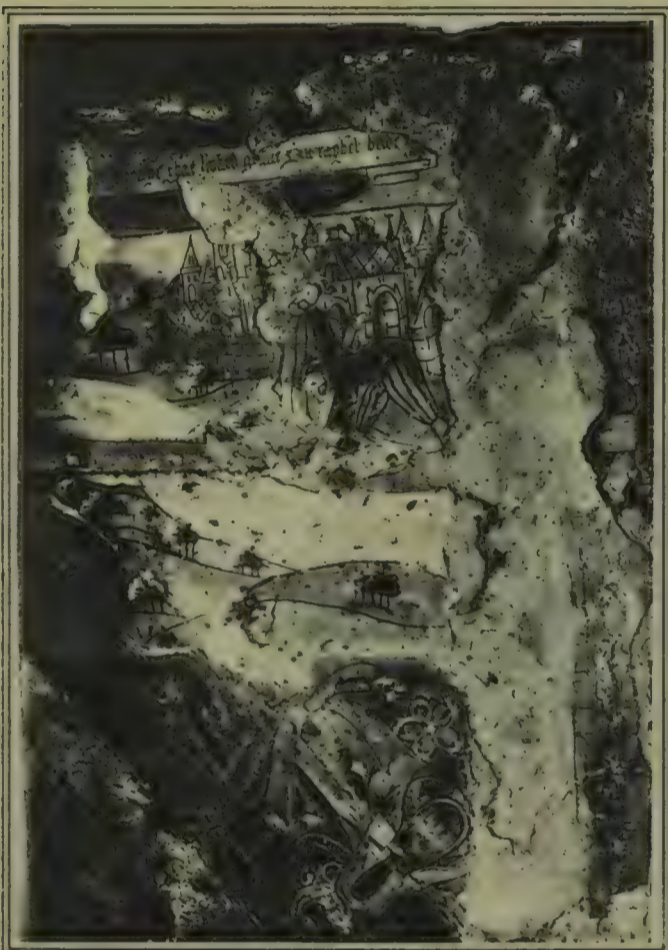
L. to R. Front Row (sitting): Principal A. E. Garvie (Britain); Rev. Arthur Judson Brown (U.S.A.); Miss Lucy Gardner (Britain); Bishop of Saxony (Germany); Mrs. Woods (Britain); Metropolitan of Thyateira (Greece); Dr. Kapler (Germany); Dr. Henry A. Atkinson (U.S.A.); Second Row: Licentiate Stange (Germany); Prof. Zankow (Bulgaria); Prof. Titius (Germany); Archbishop of Upsala (Sweden); Bishop of Winchester; Prof. Wilfred Monod (France); Dr. H. Keller (Switzerland); Prof. Dr. T. Eugene Choisy (Switzerland); Bishop Amundsen (Denmark); Third Row: Rev. Paul Sandergrén (Sweden); Mr. Paul Steele (Britain); Miss Tod (Britain); M. Thelin (France); and Pralat Schoell (Germany).

On July 21 Mr. Thomas Hardy laid the commemoration stone of the new Dorchester Grammar School, in the Fordington Field, Dorchester. The Grammar School, it may be added, is one of the oldest foundations in the country, and, curiously enough, owes its being to a Thomas Hardy, of Frampton, near Dorchester, who, by a deed bearing the date August 3, 1579, provided for the endowment of the school in perpetuity. The new building is to cost £20,000.—The Hon. Charles

D. B. King became President of Liberia in 1924. The Liberian Republic is an original member of the League of Nations. It is also interesting to note that the official language of the Liberian Government is English.—Lieut.-Col. Seddon Brown is the Managing Director of Messrs. Horrockses, Crewdson, and Co., whose mill at Preston King Fuad visited, there to see the complete process of manufacture—from the opening of the bales of raw cotton to the finishing of cotton garments.



TUDOR WALL-PAINTINGS DISCOVERED AT THE WHITE SWAN HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON: TOBIAS BEING SENT OFF TO "YE CITTE OF RAGES" BY HIS PARENTS, WITH THE ANGEL RAPHAEL.



TUDOR WALL-PAINTINGS REPRESENTING THE STORY OF TOBIAS, FROM THE APOCRYPHA, A DISCOVERY MADE DURING ALTERATIONS AT THE WHITE SWAN HOTEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON: TOBIAS TAKING THE RED HEART FROM THE GRAVE "FYSSHE" ON THE BANKS OF THE TIGRIS.



THE FIRST OF ITS KIND AT THE "ZOO" FOR MANY YEARS: A COCONUT CRAB WITH A PIECE OF THE COCONUT FORMING ITS MEAL.

A very interesting discovery was made the other day during alterations at the White Swan Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon. Behind some panelling were discovered paintings representing the story of Tobias, from the Apocrypha. There are three subjects, each described by an inscription, more or less mutilated. The work would seem to date from the late fifteenth or the early sixteenth century. As our first photograph shows, Tobit and Anna wear cloaks reaching to the ground; while Tobias and the Angel Raphael are in doublets and wide breeches. The subject illustrated in the second photograph accompanies the inscription "... a fysshe that looked grave. But raphel bade tobas. . . ."—The completed

ART AND SCIENCE: A STRATFORD DISCOVERY; ELEPHAS ANTIQUUS; A TREE-CLIMBING CRAB.



BONES OF THE STRAIGHT-TUSKED ELEPHANT (*ELEPHAS ANTIQUUS*) FROM UPNOR, ON THE MEDWAY, ON VIEW IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS: THE MOST NEARLY COMPLETE SKELETON OF THE SPECIES.



THE COCONUT CRAB CLIMBING A TREE, ILLUSTRATING THE MANNER IN WHICH IT SEEKS ITS CHIEF FOOD, THE COCONUT: A SPECIMEN AT THE "ZOO."

mount of the skeleton of the great straight-tusked elephant from Upnor, on the banks of the Medway, opposite Chatham Dockyard, is now to be seen in the Natural History Museum; and the specimen is thought to be the most complete skeleton in existence, despite the fact that skull, right fore-limb, and ribs are missing. The height to the highest point of the backbone is 12 ft. 7 in.—The coconut crab lives on islands of the East Indian Archipelago and the Pacific. To a large extent it lives on coconuts. It will climb the palms for these, knock a nut to the ground, peel off the husk, and make an opening in the shell in order to extract the kernel.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The End of the Season.

The season which came to an end last week with the enormous Garden Party at Buckingham Palace has not quite lived up to the expectations of its brilliance, though even so it probably outshone every other season since pre-war years.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE SEASON: MISS MARJORIE GOSCHEN.

Miss Marjorie Goschen is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Goschen, of Swanthorpe House, Crondall, Hants. She was presented at the last Court of the season.

a family one. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and her daughter, Lady May Cambridge, were all the more welcome, and they certainly did give an added pleasure to many social affairs, large and small, during their few weeks' visit.

The Queen at Cowes.

The week that the Queen spends at Cowes is one of the most restful holidays she has during the year, and this time she will appreciate it more than ever, coming, as it does, at the end of a London season that has been reinforced by the delightful but crowded events in Scotland. While the King is sailing, the Queen usually spends the early part of the day on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, their home for the week. Then the watchers along the front begin to look out for the little pinnacle bringing her to shore, and there is generally some disappointment because she prefers to land at the other end of the bay from the R.Y.S. landing-stage where the crowds gather.

Cowes will be more crowded next week than it has been for many years. The hotels have been booked up for weeks; the charming residences on the hill will be full of private guests; and a new idea is to have a floating hotel in the Roadstead—the luxurious motor-yacht *Westward*, which will accommodate nearly a hundred guests. Elizabeth Marchioness of Ormonde will be at her beautiful home, Solent Lodge; Lady Cynthia and Sir George Colville (who is an enthusiastic yachtsman) will be at Norfolk House; and Lady Glentanar has again taken Lord Dorchester's residence, Hamlet House, for the week. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and Lord and Lady Birkenhead are also very faithful to Cowes, and usually spend most of their time on the water. Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring will

not have their usual party at Nubia House, as they have let it for the week to Sir Harold and Lady Bowden, but they will be at Cowes; and Sir Godfrey will stay at the Squadron Castle.

Queen Marie of Rumania.

Three of the five royal women of Rumania are rather tragic figures. Queen Marie, who is a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria and a first cousin of our King and of the Queen of Spain, is a woman of great vitality, and so full of energy and executive ability that she will find it very hard to retire into the background. She will still be able to occupy herself with benefit to her country in the many social welfare schemes she has initiated, but she will tactfully cease to take any part in public affairs. Her eldest daughter, Queen Elizabeth, wife of the abdicated King of Greece, who, on news of King Ferdinand's hopeless condition, made a hurried journey from London to the palace at Sinaia, can look forward to no greater happiness than being able to make her future home in England.

Princess Helena, the mother of the



LEAVING THE GUARDS' CHAPEL, WELLINGTON BARRACKS, TO THE SOUND OF THE HUNTING-HORN: SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY STANIER.

Miss Dorothy Miller is the daughter of Brigadier-General A. D. Miller, C.B., D.S.O., and of Mrs. Miller, of Shotover, Wheatley, Oxfordshire. She was married on July 21 to Captain Sir Alexander Stanier, Bt., M.C., Welsh Guards, Assistant Military Secretary, Gibraltar.

five-years-old Michael who is now King of Rumania, is a daughter of the late King Constantine of Greece.

Her marriage to Prince Carol was unhappy from the first, but, as the mother of the King, she cannot well seek a divorce; she must remain with her son in her adopted country. Queen Marie's two younger daughters—Princess Marie, now the Queen of Yugo-Slavia, and Princess Ileana, who is eighteen years of age—were educated at Heathfield, the famous girls' school near Ascot, and have many friends in this country. There has been much surmise about Princess Ileana's marriage. It will be remembered that there was some talk two or three years ago about the possibility that Prince Nicholas, the new Regent, who was educated at Eton and who is a Lieutenant in the British Navy, might marry into the British Peerage, but it came to nothing. At that time there was no thought of his being called on to take such an important place in the government of Rumania.

Flying Women.

Mrs. Elliott-Lynn and Lady Bailey are marvellous publicity agents for the air. If they keep on like this, breaking high-altitude records, carrying off prizes at aviation meetings from men who are experienced pilots, and creating an



A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WHOSE WEDDING WAS HONOURED BY THE KING AND QUEEN: COLONEL THE RT. HON. GEORGE GIBBS AND MRS. GIBBS.

The wedding of the Hon. Ursula Lawley to Colonel George Gibbs took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, and was honoured by the presence of the King and Queen.

impression that flying is the finest of sports, we shall soon have all our adventurous young women, and the middle-aged ones too, in the air. Mrs. Elliott-Lynn's latest bright idea was perhaps her best. It was to fly round England to see how many places she could visit between a summer dawn and nightfall. She hoped to visit all the aerodromes as well as other places, and show how conveniently one could use a light aeroplane to taxi about the skies, alighting and flying off again with ease. She started long before the shops were opened and flew long after they were shut, and she visited seventy places. It would be interesting if some day she were to see how many towns she can shop in between nine in the morning and six at night.

Miss Cordery's Return.

There were more young men than girls at the afternoon reception given by

Sir Charles Wakefield at the Hyde Park Hotel last week to welcome Miss Violet Cordery and her three companions the minute they returned to London from their 10,000 miles motor trip across India, Australia, and the United States. Miss Cordery has, however, come back with the conviction that there are far more women motorists in this country than in any of those she has visited since she left England in the middle of February.

Miss Cordery began her tour under great difficulties. She had hardly recovered from an illness, and was in the charge of a nurse till a few days before she left, but she insisted on leaving at the appointed date, because otherwise the carefully planned timetable would have been upset, and she was perfectly well by the end of the voyage to Bombay. The party looked very fit on their arrival, and, in spite of the heat and dust of India, the rough roads of Australia, and the terrible storms they drove through near Denver, they had thoroughly enjoyed the tour. Miss Cordery is only twenty-six years of age, and her friend, Miss Simpson, the delightful-looking girl who accompanied her, is about the same age. Miss Cordery drove every inch of the way herself.

A Visit to Canada.

A party of more than two hundred women left last week for a six-days' visit to Canada under the auspices of the Women's Guild of Empire. The women will receive a very hearty welcome from different Canadian women's societies, and will learn a great deal about conditions there and the prospects for women who would like to live in Canada, that will be of great value. The idea is a very happy one, and it is to be hoped other women's organisations will arrange similar trips next year. It is impossible to over-rate the importance of providing the people of this country with a better knowledge of other parts of the Empire.



UP IN LONDON FOR THE END OF THE SEASON: LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.

Lady Talbot de Malahide is the daughter of the well-known actor Mr. Fred Kerr, and married Lord Talbot de Malahide in 1924. They spend the greater part of the year at Malahide Castle, County Dublin. Lord Talbot de Malahide is Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Malahide and Seas Adjoining.



ENGAGED TO MR. ANDREW FERGUSON: MISS MARIAN MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT.

Miss Marian Montagu-Douglas-Scott is the daughter of Lord Herbert Montagu-Douglas-Scott, a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. Mr. Andrew Ferguson is in the Life Guards.

THE MOST POPULAR YOUNG PRINCESS AND HER MOTHER.

Portrait-Study by Marcus Adams.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND HER BABY: THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH
OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

We reproduce above the latest studio-portrait of the Duchess of York and her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, the second and third ladies in the land, a photograph taken after their reunion at the termination of the royal tour. The little Princess, it may be recalled, was born in London on April 21, 1926.

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE KINEMA.

EVEN a hurried walk through the Exhibition Galleries at the Imperial Institute—a walk such as I undertook when I went in search of the latest addition to London's kinemas—instantly reveals

nothing to the average youngster. Indeed, most youthful minds speedily reject mere names as bore-some and unnecessary lumber. But who could resist or forget the fascination of the scenic models, ingeniously lighted and beautifully painted, that seem to bring the distant corners of the Empire within our ken? Who would not be lured on, step by step, to a wider realisation of the Empire's powers, its industries, its great achievements, as it is revealed in the masterly grouping of representative exhibits?

And now, owing to the enterprise of Lieutenant-General Sir William Furse, aided and abetted by Major Keating, the energetic head of the secretarial department, the most modern of all educational allies has been drawn into co-operation—the kinema. There, within the stately walls of the Imperial Institute, you may find a fine, free London kinema, a delightfully decorated, roomy hall, with comfortable tip-up seats and the very latest thing in projector equipments. The scheme of colouring holds a discreet echo of our national red, white, and blue in its indigo walls, its creamy paint, and ruby lamps. It is,

moreover, restful and cool, a pleasure to the eye. Here, in this delightful little theatre, a programme of short films will be shown daily from 10.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., and in the afternoon from 2.30 to 4.30, as a supplement to the tours of the Exhibition Galleries. The films will represent activities on land and sea, the trades of the Empire, the amusements, the industries, and life

of the Empire's peoples. The programmes for the whole of July are already drawn up and available so that teachers should have no difficulty in selecting the subjects which coincide with their school courses: whilst the general public may take its choice from a wealth of interesting items. A mere glance at a couple of days' programmes whets the appetite. "Sapphires in Australia," "Lumbering in Canada," "Canadian Sardines," "Esquimotion"—what fascinating vistas are revealed! As I glance down the programme I discover deep pits of ignorance within me. How does one "Conquer the Mallee" in Australia? And what is "Kauri Gum"? Have you ever struck the "Athabasca Trail" in Canada? You may discover it one afternoon at the Imperial Institute Kinema. Or would you go—as I fain would—to the "Fair of Pandharpur" in India? In the space of an hour or two we may play a new sort of "Hide and Go Seek" in Canada and learn about the "Economy of the Cow" in Australia. You may take a "Winter Tour in India," visit Malta and Zanzibar, do a little

[Continued on page 208.]

AT A GALA IN BADEN-BADEN, A WATERING-PLACE THAT IS MUCH IN FAVOUR: A CHILD'S MINIATURE BUGATTI IN THE MOTOR PARADE. Our photograph was taken during a gala held recently in Baden-Baden with great success. Baden, it need hardly be said, has long been famous for its hot medicinal springs.

the quality of mind that has been at work to bring about such a metamorphosis. In the galleries devoted to the knowledge of our Empire one is not only impressed by the splendid organisation and the perception of our educational needs, but one is braced, exhilarated, by the vigour, the liveliness of it all. Modern brooms have been at work; modern brooms have swept away the dry old bones, the dust and the tedium of obsolete instructional methods, and substituted the vivid appeal to the eye which is the valued adjunct of up-to-date tuition. Here are no yellowed charts inscribed with innumerable names that convey



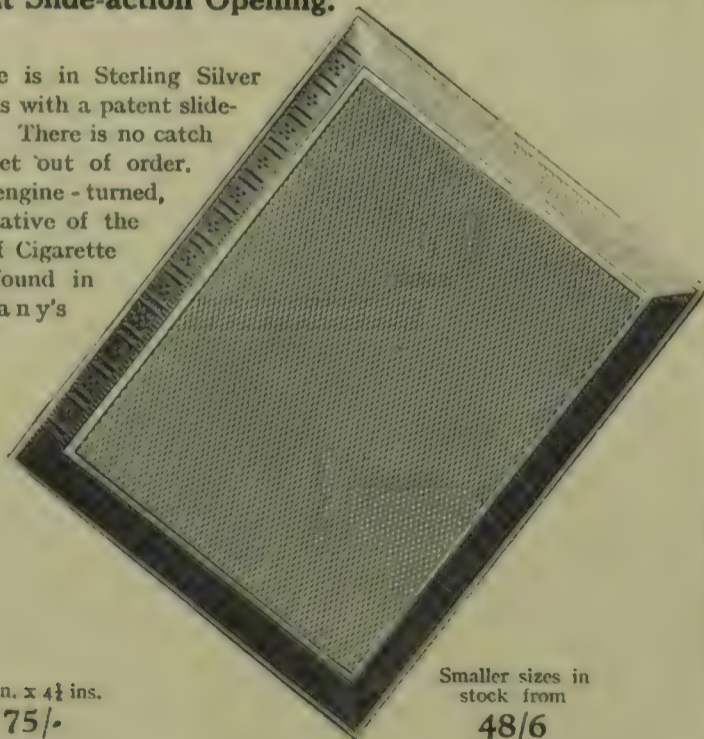
ROAD-SIDE SHOPPING: AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY STOPS, THAT FRUIT MAY BE BOUGHT.

Road-side shopping is becoming quite popular with motorists, who find that they can buy fruit, flowers, vegetables, butter, and so on, "straight from the fountain head," with a guarantee of freshness not always present in other circumstances and a certainty of fair prices. As to the vendors, they are saved rent and transport. Some stalls open only on certain days of the week; others are in evidence daily.

CIGARETTE CASES

With Patent Slide-action Opening.

THIS Case is in Sterling Silver and opens with a patent slide-action fitting. There is no catch or joint to get out of order. Beautifully engine-turned, it is representative of the large choice of Cigarette Cases to be found in the Company's stock.



3½ in. x 4½ ins.
75/-

Smaller sizes in
stock from
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COMPANY LTD**

JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS TO H.M. THE KING.

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BRANCHES

(Corner of Glasshouse Street.)

A "pukka" polish

MELTONIAN CREAM was in use on Boot and Saddle long before My Lady made it her own particular Shoe Dressing. Cleaning polo boots is a man's job—in fact, a batman's job—and the best batmen always swear by Meltonian Cream.

This finest and purest of dressings sinks below the surface of the leather, keeping it soft and supple and giving it a gleaming polish. Meltonian Cream brings out the natural beauty of fine leather and never leaves a trace of that "stickiness" which gathers dust.



Meltonian
CREAM for GOOD SHOES

Dumppijar 9d. Handitube 6d.

Traveltube 1/-

E. BROWN & SON LTD CRICKLEWOOD

South Africa

SUNSHINE TOURS

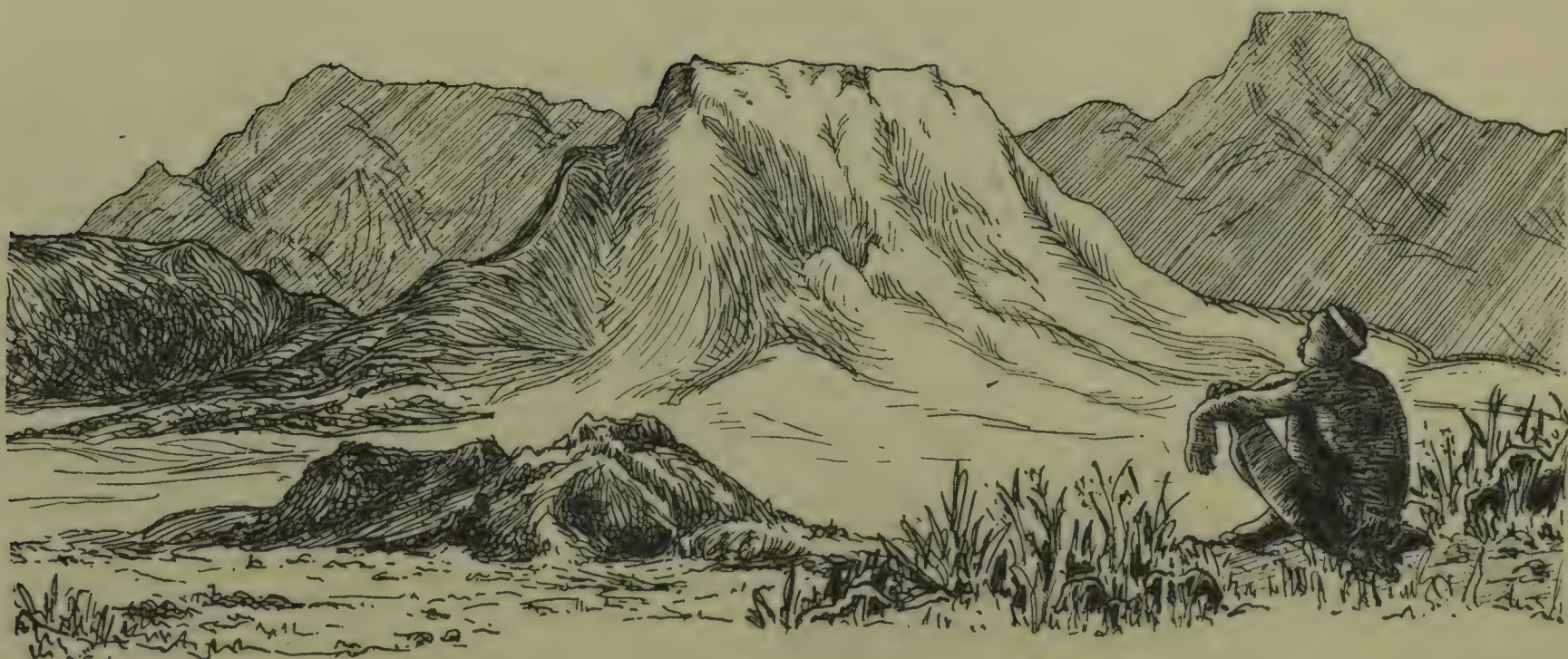
FOR

THE WINTER



THE services of the London Travel Bureau of the Union Government are at the disposal of persons who intend visiting South Africa. Pleasure and Business Tours are arranged by officials with an intimate knowledge of South Africa, and enquiries should be addressed to the Director, Publicity Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

Write for Tours Book (A.Y.)



Fashions

& Fancies



These lovely shoes come from the Saxone Salons at 229, Regent Street, W., and show the latest modes. Brocade and satin, richly embroidered, share honours.

Travelling Coats and Trunks to Match.

Smart travelling coats are trimmed with coloured kid, and a hat box is carried out in the same leather. One very distinctive travelling outfit consists of a mackintosh coat looking like shiny black moiré silk, and the accompanying dressing-case is carried out in a brocade grain leather which has the same effect. Bright blue, scarlet, and orange are favourite hues, and large, triangular-shaped handbags repeat the gay colour scheme. Like most modern modes, it has a practical side to it, and locating your own luggage in the crowded Customs becomes quite easy when you see a vivid splash of colour amidst hosts of sober brown brethren.

Hats which are Smart by the Sea.

When—and if—there is a hot sun, holiday hats are always a problem. There is no doubt that the majority of smart women wear felts, whether they have to suffer excessive heat or not. But the newest models which are to be seen in the tiny, but ultra-smart, shops at the fashionable *plages* are all designed with patterns carried out in punched holes and are purposely left unlined in order to allow ventilation. These are amusing and delightfully cool. With the afternoon jumper suits, straws are also in evidence; but they are neat, sailorlike affairs, in "natural" shades, bound with black or dark blue ribbon. Bows, flowers and scarves are taboo, and in the distance it is difficult to distinguish whether these trim little hats are of felt or straw.

Coming Fashions in Shoes.

Shoes are becoming more decorative after a rather long, austere reign. For the evening, the more elaborate sandal design promises to rival the plain strap models, and rose-satin shoes with shell-pink stockings in a lighter shade are new and smart. Jewelled heels, embroidered toecaps, and trimmings outlining the vamp of the shoe, all do their share towards elaborating the whole. On black satin slippers brilliants are embroidered in the toecaps with great effect. Even on day shoes of fawn kid or patent leather the vamps are decorated with "bracelets" of coloured enamel cut in vandyked designs, or in the form of tiny leaves, carrying out the grey or fawn colouring of the shoe. These fascinating new modes may all be seen at their best in the Saxone shoe salons at 229, Regent Street, W., the corner of

FASHION IS MARKING TIME WITH FASCINATING NEW SHOES WHICH WILL DANCE ON THE SMARTEST DANCING FLOORS IN THE COMING AUTUMN SEASON.

Hanover Street, who are responsible for the models pictured at the top of this page. In the top left-hand corner the gold brocade sandal costs 44s. 9d. the pair, and the Court shoe of beige satin and gold brocade is 49s. 9d. Next comes a black satin shoe with an embroidered toecap, costing 63s., while the black satin Court model banded with silver costs 44s. 9d. Opposite is a white and silver brocade shoe, price 54s. 9d., and the black and gold stamped kid shoe in a beautiful leaf design is 63s. A band of brilliants decorates the black satin shoe on the right, costing 49s. 9d., and below is a black satin sandal at 44s. 9d. Well-built attractive shoes of every type can be obtained from one guinea

Black and gold stamped kid in a lovely leaf design expresses the smart evening Saxone shoe in the centre, and black satin and white and gold brocade the others.

upwards in these salons, including evening models of gold and silver kid.

Shooting Clothes for Scotland.

Outfits for the moors are a topic of interest at the moment among smart sports enthusiasts. Naturally the fashions vary but little, though this year there is a tendency to wear coat and breeches instead of a skirt—a mode which may well have been inspired by the winter sports fashions which are so comfortable and workmanlike. Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W., are well-known authorities on every kind of sports clothes, and they are making coats and skirts of fine game-leather tweeds in many designs, completed with neat tailored hats to match. From these salons comes the perfectly built costume pictured on the left, built of Lovat cheviot. The shooting Burberry also pictured is invaluable for doubtful weather, and is perfectly drench-proof, although light and cool. It is so designed that there is plenty of freedom, giving full play to the arms. There are many types of Burberrys available, and in Scotland they are invaluable. They can be carried out in Solgardine, Retniw, and Slimber in lovely colours, all these famous weatherproof fabrics being specially woven for this firm.

Easy Cooking for Bungalows.

Owners of country houses, bungalows, flats, yachts, etc., will be interested to know that a British concern has placed on the market an oil cooking-stove and oil-burning hot-water circulator which is economical, efficient, durable, and of an attractive appearance. This new cooker, the Para-Fin, is manufactured by Para-Fin, Ltd., whose works are at Croydon and whose showrooms are at 20, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Its consumption per burner is less than three-eighths of a pint per hour, or roughly a halfpenny an hour, at the present price of paraffin. It is possible with only one burner to boil as many as four saucepans at one time, and the construction of the ovens is such that no naked flame comes in contact with the food, the ovens being double-cased, with the greatest heat at the top, and the coolest heat at the bottom, with always a downward reflection of the heat on to the food, eliminating any trouble of burning cakes, etc. Thus food can be placed in the oven with confidence at the varying temperatures without any fear of burning. The cookers throughout are finished in vitreous white porcelain enamel, which is hammer-proof and leadless, and under severe test it has been proved that after continuous wear the enamel has not burnt, chipped, crazed, or discoloured. The time required for cleaning the cooker is thereby reduced to a minimum.

Specially designed for the shooting season in Scotland by Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W., are this well-tailored coat and skirt of Lovat cheviot, and the sports Burberry, which is absolutely stormproof.



“LOVE ME, LOVE MY . . .”



THE LABRADOR RETRIEVER

Lesser Dogs may laze and snore—
Fly at Cats with passion—
Or endure a woman's whims,
Pampered Dogs of Fashion.
But the Squire's Labrador
Scorns such idle habits,
Give him gorse and undergrowth
And a score of rabbits.

See him in a field of roots,
Steady under fire,
Picking up the partridges
For his 'pal' the Squire;
Soft brown eyes and gentle mouth,
Coat of ebon colour—
Lucky Dog—whose Master's heart
Ranks him with Abdulla.

F. R. HOLMES

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
TURKISH AND EGYPTIAN
VIRGINIA (BOTH "IMPERIAL" & "AMERICAN")

"THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA."—[Continued from p. 204.]

whaling in South Africa, and wind up in the Port of London, all in one day.

No travel-bureau issues more varied programmes or holds out more enchanting prospects. And whereas the travel-bureau has a nasty little item of pounds, shillings, and pence appended to its schedule, we need not pay one penny for all the rich store of knowledge and pleasure to be gained at the Imperial Kinema.

It is interesting to learn that the necessary funds for the conversion of an existing building at the Imperial Institute into an up-to-date kinema were provided by the Empire Marketing Board, who realised not only the purely educational value of this enterprise, but also the necessity for instructing the public in general on the products of the Empire. "Buy British goods" is the slogan of the moment, and no more effective means could be taken to make those goods known than to employ the attractive and entertaining methods of the kinema. Incidentally, it is good to learn, seeing how wholly happy the result, that all materials used in construction and equipment are British.

The collecting of the film "répertoire" has been the work of many months, so Major Keating tells me. Many items have been supplied by British Instructional Films and other film-producing houses. High Commissioners, Colonial Government trade offices, and big industrial organisations have swelled the list by the free loan of films, but many more will be needed, especially as some of the films available were prepared for Wembley and show signs of service. However, the opening of this free kinema should give the necessary impetus to the enterprise of the Dominions and the Colonies. Special funds are already being raised and expeditions organised in order to take advantage of this new channel of Imperial advertisement.

Personally, I regard this free kinema as a momentous achievement, not only for its actual value as an educational power, but because it draws public attention to that power. It will, by adding enormously to the zeal of the youngsters whose tours in quest of knowledge culminate so pleasantly in the kinema, convince their elders of the importance of the educational film. No doubt, in time, developments, modifications, sidelights of the present policy will suggest themselves to the management. Imagination begins to play about with possibilities of Imperial films in which

the spirit that has opened up the treasure-houses of the Colonies and the Dominions finds dramatic expression side by side with actuality. The struggles and conquests of our great pioneers, for instance, are subjects of which we know far too little. But here we begin to invade a rosy and Utopian future, when, for the moment, one should be well content with the far more practical present of the Imperial Institute Kinema. And when I see the bands of happy, interested children, pressing eagerly around exhibits, models, photographs, winding up their day's studies with the films, I ponder regretfully on those remote days when I spent weary hours trying to pin down my wandering thoughts, which would go winging their way over the tree-tops, to a fusty old geography book, which, as the French have it, "said me nothing." The kinema says so much and says it so arrestingly that one is inclined to sigh—

Oh, to be a child again,
And con such tasks as these!

A MONGBETTU CUSTOM.

(Continued from Page 186.)

very early hours that we got to bed, but before we went Ikibondo insisted that we should try his sorghum beer, reddish in colour, and passable to those with a taste for thick, fermented native liquor. The Chief was greatly concerned over the fact that he had so little to offer us; but, he explained, the native who was carrying the pot over from his house had stumbled and smashed it; in consequence, he said, with a wrathful gesture, "he had flung him," as he eloquently described it, "into prison." In the old days he would certainly have been beheaded and eaten. After the beer everyone went to bed.

Although we only had a few hours' sleep that night, the interest of our surroundings was such that we were up early the next morning, taking stock of the picturesque village and its inhabitants. After a hearty breakfast, the Chief, at the instigation of a Belgian official who was with us, took us down under the palm groves into his portion of the village. There, collecting his principal wives and children, he afforded us an opportunity of taking pictures of them amongst their huts. Later he brought presents of those curiously-shaped cannibal ceremonial knives which are to be seen in many parts of the Northern Congo; as well as clay water-jars with their tops fashioned in the shape of a Mongbettu head. Some of the little curious woven negbie

mats, as well as elephant-hair bracelets and honey, added to the items which the Chief presented to us. In return we amply rewarded him with a costly pile of "Manchester goods," beads, salt, and other things dear to his heart and those of his numerous wives.

The custom of the Mongbettu, alone amongst all African tribes, of contorting and constricting their skulls by tightly binding their children's heads soon after birth is a curious one indeed, marking them out from other races of the world as nothing else can. One is at a loss to fathom the origin of such a unique custom. We saw the process at work on the heads of some of the babies, and it astonished us. The operation is performed by wrapping a piece of bark cloth round the head, and binding it tightly over this, across the forehead, and round the nape of the neck, with many strands of fibre string. This remains on for months, while the child grows. The pressure of growth against the binding is so acute at times that sores are formed at the edge of the cord, sometimes with fatal results to the child; but this is infrequent, for Mongbettu mothers look after their offspring with great solicitude.

An effect of this contortion is to pull the skin of the face and forehead upwards, and this stretching of the skin-folds of the eyelids entirely alters the appearance and the set of the eye itself, conferring a Mongolian look to the face, although these peculiarities have a tendency to disappear in later life. It has been said that this head-elongating practice enlarges the area of the brain-cavity with beneficial results to the intelligence of the race! Be that as it may, in many forms of rude art, these people excel—in what may be called sculpture-pottery, in wood-carving, in basket-work and weaving and ironwork. Their huts and buildings show sound method and ingenuity in construction, and are ambitious in design, many of them being artistically embellished with red, yellow, and black-and-white decorations, in intricate, circular, and geometrical patterns. The village and huts are kept scrupulously clean. This wall-painting is the work of a few men in the tribe, and is handed down from father to son. Its origin is, no doubt, Arabic. Whether the result of head-binding or not I do not know, but the morals of the Mongbettu are rather those of pigs; but honesty prevails, and they will stand by a bargain once made. In numbers the Mongbettu are a small race, running, I think, into some ten thousand people or less.

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Irresistibly delicious CHOCOLATES

HONEY CUPS: Just a drop of pure mountain honey encased in a cup of delectable chocolate.

DESSERT GINGER: Finest Dessert Ginger enrobed inside a lovely Chocolate Cream.



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CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

A cooling liquid cream for eczema, rashes, etc. Instant Relief 1/2 and 2/- tins. Supplied the world over. Estab. 1885.

"She shall have smart shoes wherever she goes."

Light-coloured Shoes always look smart on the river, and should be cleaned with White Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

WHITE Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

is the concentrated, transparent, white wax polish for patent and coloured shoes. It gives a quick shine, is economical and, owing to the large percentage of wax, preserves the leather.

Also in Black, Brown, and Tonette,
2½d., 4½d., & 6d. Tins.

MANSION POLISH

ensures a beautiful finish to Floors and Furniture and Preserves Linoleum.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. IN TINS

The Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W.4.



Your own Teeth

TEETH, which Nature gives us to last a lifetime, only fail through want of proper care. Brush your teeth night and morning with Euthymol Tooth Paste; show them to your dentist twice a year, and the expensive makeshift of artificial teeth need never be yours.

Many a promising set of teeth is ruined by germs which generate destructive acids. Euthymol Tooth Paste is the enemy of all germs that lead to dental decay. While you are cleaning and whitening the enamel with it, thousands of dental decay germs will be destroyed—they cannot survive 30 seconds' contact with this dentifrice. And it leaves the mouth so cool and refreshed, with such a sense of perfect cleanliness, that for this alone you would always prefer—

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Kills Dental Decay Germs in 30 Seconds.
In Spring Cap Tubes, price 1/3 of all Chemists.

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To Parke, Davis & Co. Dept. Z.17.
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Please send me a Free Sample of Euthymol.

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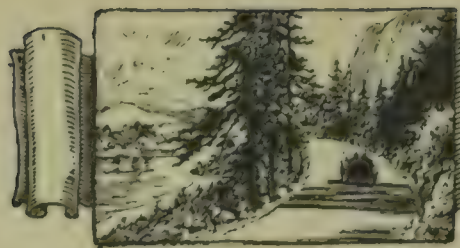
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Never a jolt, though you stop dead in a couple of feet or so; gliding gently away again as the traffic ahead begins to move; speeding forward the moment all is clear. That is the manner of the Austin—a car with the controls so designed that the veriest novice feels perfectly at home after a very few hours. Once you have tried one you will agree with an owner who writes: "I should never think of running any car except an Austin." (Ref. F.N. 215)

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Every mechanical unit of the Austin car (with the exception of electrical equipment and carburettor) is produced in the Austin factory. Every accessory is of the finest quality obtainable. The result is a magnificent British car, unrivalled in the world of motor engineering.

Write for Catalogue "C" giving full particulars of all Austin models.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

TYRE TROUBLES—AND A NEW KIND OF TYRE.

IN common, I suppose, with every buyer and owner-driver user of the unfortunately necessary things, I have spent much of my motoring life fearing and abusing tyres. If one of his heels was a handicap in Achilles' career, the pneumatic tyre, taken by and large, is a much greater disability in the motorist's. That notable hero had only one weak spot, according to report, whereas all of us who use cars have at least five, if not six—four in use (non-continuous) and one or two in reserve.

Tyres come and go, sometimes better, sometimes worse; sometimes long-lived and reliable, sometimes feeble and an incessant source of worry and expense.

It is not that this or that make or design of tyre is always bad or always good. Like everyone else, I have had my share of care-free motoring—a pinch of peace to leaven the long spells of the other sort. I suppose I have used every known make of European tyre, and a few of the Americans, in the past twenty years. With all I have had both sorrow and satisfaction, and with none have I felt really happy for one instant—unless I have contrived to wipe them out of my thoughts, conscious and unconscious. The trouble with the pneumatic tyre is that it is pneumatic, and the trouble with us users is that nothing else will do.

I am moved to these reflections by reason of an experience I am having just now with what is to me, at all events, a new sort of tyre, which, so far,

later on. In other respects the new one, if it appears, may be an improvement, but I cannot see how it will improve the steadiness of the cars to which it is fitted. So far as my own quite orthodox car is

Another good point about these tyres is that the undoubted comfort they give you in driving is not due to great size. Those I am testing are of 120 section, replacing a set of 4.95 (about 127) inch section. I find them at least as resilient as their thin-sided, low-pressure predecessors, but far less prone to set up that irritating pitching movement of which so many balloon tyres are guilty. They are of the straight-side design, using a detachable flange rim of the ordinary type. It is claimed that they cannot possibly detach themselves, but I hope I shall not have to give any certificate on this point. They are guaranteed for 12,000 miles with the heavier form of inner tube, and 10,000 with the lighter.

So much for the constructional details of this very interesting tyre. Driving a set over every sort of road surface and in every sort of weather, chiefly abominable, my main impressions have been of quite unusual steadiness and strength. The steering of my car is exceptionally light and steady, and I rather expected to find it affected by these weightier tyres. The only difference I notice between its behaviour with balloons and Air-Sprungs is that with the latter it is slightly better. There is not much in it, but the benefit of the doubt is with the Air-Sprung. Cornering fast with these

new tyres is really a revelation. Even with only some 20-lb. pressure in both front and driving tyres, you feel a steadiness and road-grip which is thoroughly reassuring. They glue the car to the road.

Those thick cover-walls play an important part in giving you peace of mind. They have a firmness, an "upstandingness" which is very comforting. Up till now I have never found a balloon tyre of any size which gave me the same confidence in its lateral rigidity as the best of high-pressure tyres. It has its advantages, of course, as anyone living near pot-holed roads will tell you. But I have never been able to "feel the same" about it. I am not lucky with tyres, I fancy, and it may be that I suffer from inhibitions or complexes, or whatever those things are called which mean that you worry. I am very far from saying that I shall never worry about the Air-Sprung. It would be the height of imprudence to do so in any case, whether clutching wood or not at the moment of speaking; but I must admit that after a few hundred miles I found myself in an easier state of mind than I ever remember enjoying before.

All this is about the Air-Sprung's design and behaviour. There remains yet something to be said about its life. Of that I know nothing yet, nor shall I



A "FAMILY MEETING" OUTSIDE SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE: THE SINGERS—JUNIOR, SENIOR, AND "SIX"—AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

concerned, the Air-Sprung tyre has eliminated side-slip. The name "Air-Sprung" may be either misleading or an exact description. These tyres are, in principle, exactly like all pneumatic tyres, but in practice there are several important differences. The walls are unusually heavy and thick, and so is the tread. This means that they can be run safely at any pressure between 15 and over 40 lb. per square inch. You get no rolling when the tyres are on the soft side, and, where your road-surface allows it, you can run them really hard and lose nothing in acceleration. They are a distinctly ingenious compromise between the balloon and the high-pressure, with, I should say, most of the advantages of both. Even when I run mine at 40 lb. pressure on a car weighing 23 cwt. unladen, the comfort is practically as great as with ordinary low-pressure tyres run at 27 or 28 lb. With a heavy car as much as 60 lb. can be usefully maintained, converting the tyre into a high-pressure type.

Strictly speaking, the Air-Sprung has three treads. The specification defines them as one up-standing centre tread, which "air springs" the car under minimum load, and right and left auxiliary treads, which come into action automatically when the load is varied or when the road conditions are unequal. The tyre certainly weighs more than the

orthodox low pressure sort of the same dimensions, but I cannot find that it makes any difference to the running of the car. In fact, I am pretty sure, from general observation but not from serious stop-watch timing, that, if anything, I get slightly more liveliness with the Air-Sprung than with the others. Although the area of contact with the ground is decidedly large, and you would therefore expect a slight loss in acceleration and speed, the contrary seems to be the case.



OUTSIDE STONELEIGH ABBEY, KENILWORTH, LORD LEIGH'S COUNTRY SEAT: A 30-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY TOURING-LANDAULETTE.

seems to have considerably fewer drawbacks than is generally the rule. It is the "Air-Sprung," made by the North British Rubber Company, of Edinburgh, and Great Portland Street, London. Some three months ago I described its non-skidding qualities in an article on this page, when a set had travelled 1500 miles; and it is only fair to begin my second report on them by remarking that they are still as steady on grease as ever. I do not myself place this excellent quality above all others, but as the makers attach importance to it I must give it first place.

I have not yet been able to make these tyres side-slip on any sort of surface, nor at any speed. I do not propose to describe the tread-design: partly because, to me, it looks very like that of any other tyre made during the past ten years; partly because I have no technical knowledge of the subject; but chiefly because an improved pattern may be produced



A SCREEN VILLAIN AND HIS CAR: MR. GEORGE SIEGMANN IN HIS BUICK COUPÉ.

consider the moment ripe for comment until the guaranteed twelve thousand miles have run out, or until the tyres themselves ask for it. In the meantime I hope they will last as long as their makers claim.

TALKS ABOUT WHISKY

"According to a Mincing Lane Merchant it takes seven years to train a tea-taster. Beer-tasting, on the other hand, doesn't need to be taught. It's a gift!" Punch, June 1st, 1927.

If the tea-taster—after his seven years' matriculation—wants to advertise his tea in Punch, he may be graciously permitted to do so.

Not so the gifted Beer-taster, nor indeed any gifted taster of wines or spirits.

When one remembers that it was the advertising pages of Punch that helped more than any other paper to make world-wide the fame of—

Haig
WHISKY

and further when it is remembered that the excellent suggestion of a trade paper was not taken, viz., that a suitable sequel to Punch's refusal to take advertisements of Wines and Spirits would be to refund a lot of the money paid for these advertisements—one may be permitted to smile on reading the quoted Punch paragraph.

But we used to laugh *with* Punch!—

Some very wealthy and (sometimes) delightful American people who compliment this country by living in it in preference to their own would like to see Great Britain follow the bad example of America, which country prohibits the advertising of all stimulants.

If America and Punch wish to be consistent, they should not only cease to advertise but should also cease to *use* all stimulants.

As a matter of fact neither of them do

Haig
WHISKY

has been on sale for 300 years, and at no period in the preceding 299 years have their sales been as great as they are in the 300th Anniversary of their existence.

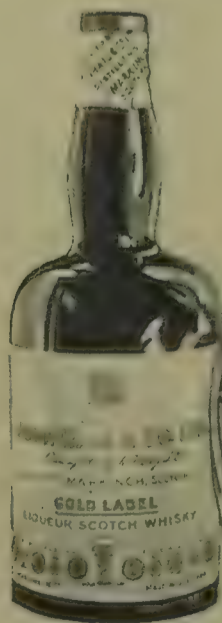
Haig quality explains this. You should not say "Whisky and Soda": you should always say,

"HAIG and SODA"

Home Market

12/6

The best 12/6 bottle
on the market.



13/6

Containing the finest
Whisky that goes out
of Scotland.

RADIO NOTES.

IN reply to the query, "Who invented Wireless?" most people will respond with the name of the eminent living scientist whose experiments, initiative, and perseverance have placed one of the greatest wonders of our times on a practical footing for the benefit of mankind. In addition to Senator Marconi, however, other brilliant minds have contributed important ideas and inventions which have helped to bring about the remarkable process by which communication of signals, of the voice, or of music is made possible over very great distances without the aid of telegraph or telephone lines. Hitherto information concerning the history of wireless has had to be sought by long research amongst hundreds of books and scientific papers. Now, however, inventors, students, and the lay public with receiving-sets may turn to a new book entitled "History of Radio Telegraphy and Telephony," by G. G. Blake, M.I.E.E., A.Inst.P. (Radio Press, Ltd., Bush House, Strand, London, W.C.2.; price 25s.), and avail themselves of his wide knowledge of this fascinating subject, access to which has been so difficult in the past. The chance discovery of the condenser—an important component much used in radio transmission and reception instruments—is disclosed by Mr. Blake, who relates how the first condenser, or Leyden Jar, was discovered in 1746 by Cuneus, who, trying to electrify water, used a glass flask, which he held in his hand, whilst a chain from the conductor of a frictional machine dipped into the water. When Cuneus took hold of the chain to remove it from the flask of water, he received a shock that incapacitated him for two days.

Every broadcast listener is aware of the importance of a good connection to "earth," and in

the book under review we are informed how the use of the earth for completing an electrical circuit was another accidental discovery—this time by Professor C. A. Steinheil, of Munich, who in 1838 endeavoured, without success, to use a pair of railway lines in place of telegraph wires. Rightly attributing his failure to leakage of electricity through the earth between the two rails, he then experimented with only one rail, and used the earth for the return current, and the result proved successful.



A FAMOUS WAR "ZONE" FOR SALE; HILL 60, WHICH IS ON OFFER TO AN ENTERPRISING BUYER! Hill 60, the scene of much furious fighting during the Great War, has been offered for sale. The advertisement describes it as "the only intact portion of the Ypres sector, with pill-boxes, dug-outs, etc." Attack was opened on it on April 17, 1915, and the 1st West Kents and the 2nd K.O.S.B. dug themselves in on the summit. Three weeks later the Germans recaptured it, and it was not until June 17 that the Allies retook it.

In 1842 S. F. B. Morse (U.S.A.) gave a demonstration of telegraphy with cables running under water to connect instruments on each side of a river, but the demonstration was spoiled through the cables being cut by a vessel weighing its anchor. Consequent upon the accident, Morse conceived the idea that water might be used to carry the electricity across the river without the aid of metallic

conductors. A few months later he laid a wire with a battery and signalling key on the bank of one side of a canal, and fixed to each end of the wire a large copper plate; the plates were then submerged in the canal. On the opposite bank another wire was laid, connected to a galvanometer, and joined at each end to another pair of submerged plates. By placing the plates on each side of the canal at different distances apart, Morse found that, provided the plates were separated by a distance greater than the width of the canal, a reading could be obtained on the galvanometer whenever the signalling key was operated from the opposite bank.

The foregoing indicate only a tittle of the early experiments which are described so completely in Mr. Blake's "History of Radio Telegraphy and Telephony." Important chapters are devoted to "The Growth of Electrical Signalling Systems"; "The Development of the Telephone"; "First Attempts at Wireless Communication"; and "The Discovery of Electro-Magnetic Waves"; while other chapters give the fullest details of the work of the various seekers after methods and devices with which the transmissions might be "detected" at the receiving station. Detectors of the following types—coherers, electrolytic, magnetic, crystal, and Thermionic valves—are all clearly explained and illustrated.

At the end of the book there is a most valuable Reference List to no fewer than eleven hundred and twenty-five books, papers, and articles into which

radio enthusiasts may delve should they so desire.

Mr. Blake's chief aim in his book has been to bring into prominence the almost forgotten schemes and devices of the past, in the hope that new ideas may spring therefrom. The volume is profusely illustrated by photographs and drawings, which give additional interest to the entertaining and informative descriptive matter.

Everywhere—the centre of eager discussion



Condensed SPECIFICATION

8-cylinder in line engine
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rubber spring shackles
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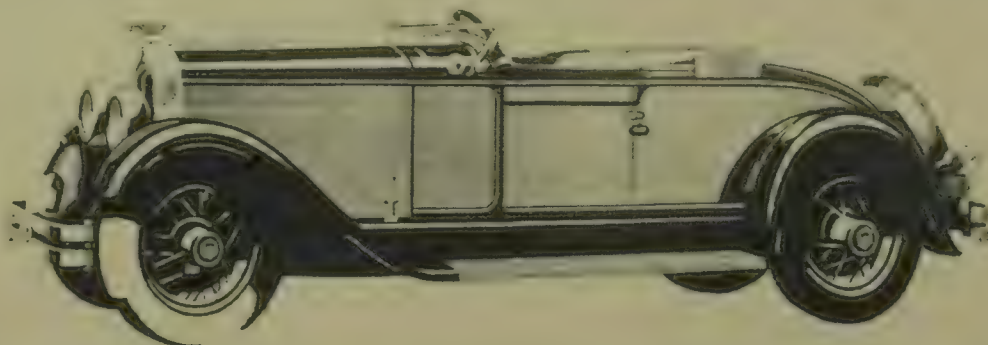
The fame of the 'little' Marmon grows every day. Wherever this new car is seen it excites eager discussion. Gliding through traffic with the agility of a panther, flashing over a hilltop like a vivid streak of light, it grips your attention with compelling power.

Not for years has a car embodied so many vital improvements—in smooth inexhaustible power, in serene, luxurious riding, in wealth of appointments, in grace of design.

See the 'little' Marmon at our showrooms. Observe how every detail conforms to the highest standards of fine car production. Test it on the road, and nothing but a 'little' Marmon of your own will ever satisfy your quickened desires.

PASS and JOYCE Ltd.
MARMON CAR SHOWROOMS

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OXFORD ST. (Marble Arch End) W1
Telephone: Mayfair 5140 (Private Branch Exchange).
Telegrams: "Bestocars, London."





Wherever the right people
meet, there you will meet
the right cigarette—
DE RESZKE
—of course!

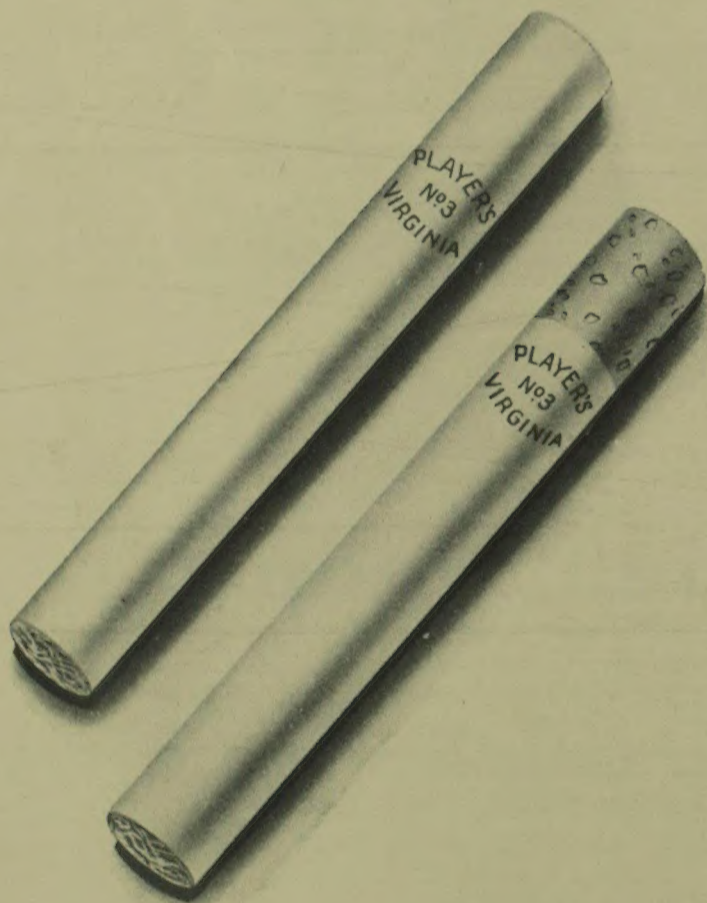
It is quite true that De Reszke Virginias cost only 1/- for 20

PLAYER'S No 3

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

THE tobacco in these cigarettes has been specially selected for its mild, cool fragrance and superb smoking qualities.

The finest growths of Virginia Leaf, unique manufacturing skill and facilities contribute their full share to your enjoyment.



10 for 8^d 20 for 1/4
50 for 3/3 100 for 6/6

WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS
(Cork of pure natural growth)

Extra Quality Virginia

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE VILLAGE," AT THE GLOBE.

THE present writer has lived in villages in sparsely populated districts of Yorkshire and in unfrequented parts of Norfolk and Suffolk; but he has never found villagers talking and acting as they talk and act in the new play at the Globe. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Miss Vere Sullivan's "Village," the inhabitants of which derive facetious but dismal mirth from entertainments such as local births, weddings, and funerals, and go about saying "The village is saying this" and "It ought not to be thinking that," is not far too sophisticated and self-conscious a place to be marked on any Ordnance map. A play of this sort (it is a seduction play, which treats emotions arising from the primitive mysteries of birth, marriage, and death now with a chuckle and then with melodramatic heroics) is not, indeed, to be taken seriously. The betrayal of the village beauty by her Beckenham "gent," the child-bed humours of her aunt, and the tears of her mother for the dear departed, are not exactly the material for farce. Miss Sullivan should try again. She can write a witty line now and then; and she can also descend to such banality as this: "I thought the funeral would cheer me up; but somehow it hasn't."

"THE CAGE," AT THE SAVOY.

"The Cage," it may be feared, is scarcely more veracious than "The Village." It is certainly quite as melodramatic; for it presents as heroine a young woman who has given herself to a middle-aged man who has a wife in a lunatic asylum. When the young woman learns from her father, who is terribly hen-pecked by her mother, that he once loved and performed the noble act of renunciation, she resolves to imitate his example, and to renounce her love too. But when the lunatic asylum is burnt down and the lunatic wife is, after all, saved by the fire-escape, she thinks so badly of the management of this sorry scheme of things that she renounces her renunciation and resolves to continue living in sin. A sort of "Jane Eyre" story, the reader will observe, related in a mixed style of rhetoric and farce which is neither very pleasing nor convincing, and furnished with a heroine who comes from "Hindle Wakes." Nevertheless, the author—Miss Joan Temple—manages to pull off individual scenes and characters. Mrs. Simmons, the nagging wife and mother, is quite a good study in robust, old-fashioned low-comedy, and Miss Sydney Fairbrother revels in depicting her.

"SHAKE YOUR FEET," AT THE HIPPODROME.

A new revue at the Hippodrome costs, we may suppose, hundreds or, it may be, thousands of pounds. Some part of this sum must be spent in authors' fees. Why, then, does not the producer see to it that such payments really secure witty and humorous turns? There are writers who can compose this sort of work and who can give the public, which is never half so dull-witted as it is represented, something which, if nonsense, is yet agreeable and fresh and funny nonsense. Need one instance Mr. Milne, Mr. Barry Pain, and Mr. E. V. Knox? Here, in "Shake Your Feet," are to be found first-class comedians like Mr. Milton Hayes, Miss Gwen Farrar, and Mr. Billy Merson, who only need suitable material in order to show their quality. But even they cannot make bricks without straw. The new show, then, at present at any rate, is not very amusing; though Mr. Merson's caricature of Sir Gerald in the current St. James's success, and a sketch called "A Still Alarm," are well worth seeing. But as an exhibition of riotous dancing it lives well up to its title.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.


THE SEASON MADE FOR JOY. By BARBARA BLACKBURN. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)

Youth being the season made for joy, Barbara Blackburn has set herself to demonstrate how ravaged and how joyless it can be. Her mordant observation plays over a party of modern youths and maidens, who mate with reckless obstinacy, and whose frenzy for self-expression tears them to pieces. Over against them, deeply concerned and helpless to avert their inevitable disasters, are the older people—the mother and Gilbert Thurston, who has "reached the sere of life" prematurely at forty-five. In "Return to Bondage" Miss Blackburn was feeling her way. "The Season Made for Joy" is not tentative; it is an assured performance, and in many respects a remarkable one. The three young females bursting with aimless energy are drawn from recognisable types. The spirit of the age is in them. Nicky, who had tremendous desires to accumulate knowledge and tell the truth to ignorant millions, is not less true to life. The prison doors close upon them all. Nicky's prison is the manufacture of pickles. It is the pathos of youth that stands out in this book, and Miss Blackburn's treatment of it is impressive.

TISH PLAYS THE GAME. By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

There is nothing of the New England nun about Mary Roberts Rinehart's Tish. She is a hundred-per-cent. American spinster, but repression and the acidulated virtues have passed her by. She is emancipated from apple-sauce and the twilight of the best parlour. She has gambolled through several books, a jovial, bouncing, good-hearted creature, and in "Tish Plays the Game" she reappears at the top of her form. Nobody could get the better of Tish, and nothing subdued her spirits. She was not a born golfer, but she made herself a player by secret labours that were not without their effect on the household treasures. She took to the game, and her natural buoyancy carried her through to victory. The incidental adventures make up the first story in the book. After them, she turns to film acting, and flying, and flirtation with the boot-legging industry, and finally the attempted cure of a hysterical paralytic. It takes broad, side-splitting farce to do justice to Tish, and Mrs. Rinehart has let herself go in the writing of it. Its exuberance and its uproarious humour are unflagging.

Food authorities say that lemons are a most healthful fruit, so it is encouraging to learn that as many as 50,000,000 lemons were used this year in the preparation of Eiffel Tower Lemonade. This wonderful thirst-quenching drink is made by that old-established food-manufacturing firm, Foster Clark, Ltd., of Maidstone, so that its purity and goodness are guaranteed. As a summer drink Eiffel Tower Lemonade is ideal. There are two kinds—the original, which requires added sugar; and the sweetened, ready to drink—both are easy to make.



TRAINS FOR "THE TWELFTH" FROM KING'S CROSS

RESTAURANT

	A.M.	
First stop Newcastle (268 miles)	9A50	Edinburgh
"Flying Scotsman"	10. 0	Edinburgh, Glasgow Aberdeen, Perth
"Harrogate- Edinburgh Pullman"	11.20	North Berwick Edinburgh, Dundee
First Stop York	11.50	Edinburgh, Glasgow
	P.M.	
	1.15	Edinburgh, Glasgow

SLEEPING CAR

	P.M.	
"Highlandman"	7B25	Glasgow, Fort William Perth, Inverness
"Aberdonian"	7C40	Edinburgh, Dundee Aberdeen, Elgin Lossiemouth
"Night Scotsman"	10D25	Glasgow, Dundee Aberdeen, Perth
	10E35	North Berwick, Edinburgh

A—Tues. & Weds. excepted. B—Not on Saturday or Sunday nights.
C—Not on Saturday nights. On Sunday nights, also conveys passen-
gers to Glasgow, Fort William, Perth and Inverness.
D—Runs nightly.
E—Runs nightly, but not to North Berwick on Saturday night.

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Holiday-makers who would avoid the commonplace and strike out into something quite fresh, combining a short sea voyage in a comfortable liner with the delights of foreign travel, may be advised to consult the touring facilities offered by the Union Castle Line. For a trip to the Continent there are the fortnightly holiday cruises from London to Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and back. The cost is £20 for thirteen or fourteen days, including meals and accommodation on board while at sea and in port at those cities. Those who would voyage further may avail themselves of the holiday tours to Madeira or the Canary Islands. There are weekly sailings to Madeira every Friday from Southampton at a special return fare during the summer (May to end of August) of £20 first-class and £15 second-class. The return voyage may be made within nine

days or at any time during two months. Intermediate steamers to the Canary Islands leave London fortnightly, every other Thursday, calling alternately at Las Palmas and Tenerife, and the special return fare during the same period is £20, first-class. Full particulars may be obtained of the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company, 3, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3, or 125, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

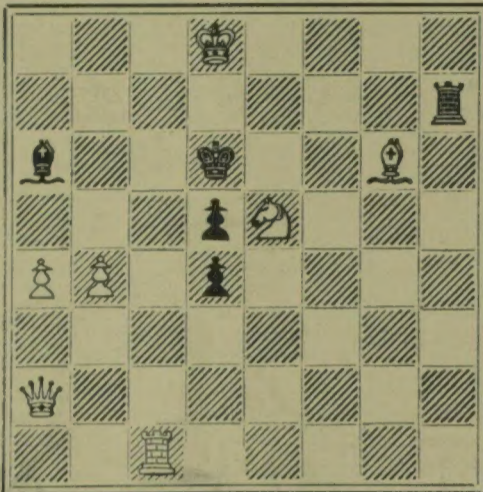
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4005.—By J. SCOTT.

WHITE
1. Kt to B 5th
2. Mates accordingly.

A pleasing example of the ordinary type of two-mover, possessing no exceptional features, but with a key not yielding itself readily to casual inspection, and with a good variety of neat mates to follow its discovery.

PROBLEM No. 4007.—By H. BURGESS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S T ADAMS (Honolulu).—Subject to the correction in our last article, you, at any rate, sent the right reply for No. 4002. Presumably it was White's King you misplaced.

WILLIAM YULE (St. Louis, Mo.).—Your letter brings some famous lines of Gilbert to our mind, but let that pass; we know of no other way of solving a problem than the one you say you followed. With

experience the process of elimination can be shortened, of course, but that is all that is necessary for anyone to become a "genius" at solving. We have credited you with the solution of No. 4003 in the usual place.

JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—It will surprise you, no doubt, to see that your solution of No. 4004 was not the same as the author's. We rather wonder so keen an analyst as yourself did not detect that something was wrong; but apparently everyone who struck on the solution by 1. Kt. to Kt 4th was satisfied with its problematic sufficiency.

C B S (Canterbury).—We should be only too glad to make use of your two-mover, but it swarms with duals, chiefly because you depend so much on Black defending two points with one piece. These defects at once arise when such piece can move to a square which commands neither point to be protected.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4003 received from S A Hawarden (Benoni, Transvaal) and William Yule (St. Louis, Mo.); of No. 4004 from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.) and J Barry Brown (Naas); and of No. 4005 from J Barry Brown (Naas).

GAMES.

In accordance with our custom at this holiday time, we give some lighter examples of the game, which, taken from first-class master-play, go to prove that modest amateurs are not entitled to claim a monopoly in the art of blundering.

CHESS IN AUSTRIA.

Game played in the International Masters' Tournament, at Semmering, between Mr. D. JANOWSKI and Dr. W. MICHEL.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Dr. W. M.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Dr. W. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	11. Kt to K 5th	P to Q Kt 4th
2. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th	12. Kt to Q 2nd	K Kt takes Kt
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	13. B to R 5th (ch)	P to Kt 3rd
4. B to Q 3rd	P to B 4th	14. Kt takes Kt P Kt to Kt 3rd	
5. P to Q B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	15. Kt to K 5th (dis ch and mates).	
6. P to K B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd		
7. Q to B 2nd	P to B 5th		
8. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th		
9. B to R 4th	P to B 4th		
10. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 4th		

Black's 9th move made disaster possible; but his 12th move plunged him into it head over heels. Q Kt takes Kt seems quite safe.

CHESS IN HUNGARY.

Game played in the Tournament of the International Chess Federation, at Buda-Pesth, between Messrs. F. D. YATES and A. RUBINSTEIN.

(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Y.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. Y.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt to R 4th	Kt to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Kt to B 5th	Q to K sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	14. Q B takes Kt	P takes B
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	15. B takes Kt	Resigns.
5. Q to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th		
6. B to Kt 3rd	B to B 4th		
7. P to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
8. Castles	Castles		
9. R to Q sq	Q to K 2nd		
10. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 3rd		
11. B to Kt 5th	Kt to Q sq		

In so well known an opening, one does not expect mistakes. None happened here until Black's 13th move, which proves immediately fatal. Q to Q sq, of course, was necessary.

The International Masters Tournament at Keoskenet, which attracted the attendance of many of the foremost players of the day, resulted in a victory for Alechin, who secured the first place, followed by Neimzowitch and Steiner with a tie for second and third prizes. In a subsidiary section Dr. Tartakowa was first, Grünfeld second, and Yates and Tatacs tied for the third position.

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